BALDWIN.



A SERIO-COMIC TALE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-street, London.

BALDWIN;

OR,

A MISER'S HEIR.

A Serio-comic Tale.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

AN OLD BACHELOR.

> I have enough;
> To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

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1820.



BALDWIN.

CHAPTER I.

——————— A figo for thee!
The fig of Spain!
Have we not Hiren here?

— — — — — —

What, shall we have incision?—shall we embrue? Then death rock me asleep! abridge my doleful days!—why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds untwine the sisters three! SHAKSPEARE.

OCCUPIED in restoring his beloved Mary to perception, Trevanion almost forgot the cause in the effect. It was long before her pallid countenance exhibited symptoms of returning animation; and when at length life and consciousness were

 restored,

restored, the horrid vision of her husband and Baldwin, struggling in desperate strife, continued to flit before her eyes, and threatened a relapse.

By the advice and assistance of their landlady, Mrs. Davies, she was conveyed to bed, and a composing draft, of a soporific nature, administered, which produced the most beneficial effects; but when, in the course of the following day, she related what she had gathered from Charles, in regard to his departure from the Grange, immediately on their being missed, and the consequent impossibility of his having, in any way, influenced her father to take the course he had pursued, the idea which Trevanion had hastily taken up, and to which he so pertinaciously adhered, by degrees yielded to the mild voice of conviction; and when he was also told of the positive terms in which Charles had declared his resolution not to profit by the will, his generous, but impetuous spirit was wounded by the deepest remorse at

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the remembrance of the indignities he had cast upon one whom, he was now inclined to believe, he might have been mistaken in considering his enemy.

Meanwhile the unhappy Baldwin, every feeling of his mind outraged and lacerated, his bosom torn with a thousand various and contending emotions, hurried on. unconscious of the busy crowds who thronged the streets through which he passed, many of whom, struck by the *apparent distraction* of his manner, turned to observe him, till arriving at the end of Piccadilly, he turned into Hyde-Park, where the freer circulation of air somewhat cooled the fever which burnt upon his cheek.

Throwing himself on one of the green banks of the Serpentine-River, he endeavoured to calm the perturbation which assailed him, and fix his thoughts on the course he intended to pursue. Many were the plans and projects which presented themselves alternately to his troubled

 brain.

brain. At length he came to a determination once more to seek the Grange, positively to reject Mr. Beresford's proposal to renounce for ever all claim upon his property, at every risk to bring about a reconciliation between him and her who was still the idol of his heart, and then to collect his little property, and endeavour to lose, if possible, all memory of what had been, in the bustle of an active life on the distant shores of India.

Kindred he had none, nor existed there now any tie to attach him to a country in which all his young hopes, of every description, had, from his earliest youth, been so cruelly blasted. He felt, too, that although the dearest wish of his heart was the happiness of Mary, comprising a complete restoration to all the comforts she had enjoyed, yet it would be impossible for him to witness her partaking it in the arms of another, more especially of him who had misconstrued his actions, calumniated

niated his motives, and inflicted on him the most galling contumely, and disgrace more intolerable than even death itself.

Fully fraught with these intentions, he raised himself from the sod he had now occupied some hours, and with a more collected mien retraced his way to the hotel, meditating on the means of putting what was now become his firm resolution into practice.

Sir Charles De Laval, he knew, had interest sufficient in the necessary quarter to further his plan of expatriation, and to him he intended to apply. From their first acquaintance at the school at Clapham, the baronet had always shewn a great degree of partiality to his young friend, and would, he knew, rejoice in an opportunity of obliging him; so, with the full purpose of making an immediate application to him, finding his favourite horse, which had sickened from the over-exertion of the memorable night on which he had last crossed him, was yet unequal to the task

of carrying him more, he committed him to the care of the ostler, with a strict charge as to his treatment, and took his seat the same evening in the mail which travelled through Appleton, and was set down at the gate of the park, through which Mary had so lately passed on her ill-starred expedition, shortly after day-break on the following morning.

On reaching the mansion, he perceived, as he had anticipated, that the windows yet remained closed, and no sounds met his ear which might denote any of its inhabitants to be stirring. He threw a melancholy look up at the windows of the chamber once occupied by her whose presence he had so lately quitted in a way on which he dared not trust himself to think, and which being situate at the most eastern corner of the house, now sparkling in the radiance of the early sunbeams, seemed to form a striking contrast to the sombre hue in which the rest of the building yet lay buried. Not venturing to

trust

trust himself with a second glance at what so forcibly reminded him of past scenes, he turned abruptly to the left, and struck into a tract leading to one of the most sequestered parts of the park.

He wandered on, musing on the rapid succession of events, which had, in a few short days, succeeded in hurling him from the summit of hope to the lowest abyss of despondency, and meditating on the means of inducing his guardian to relent in favour of her who still kept so firm a hold of his affections, and of restoring her once more to the heart and home of a forgiving parent, when, looking up, he found himself on the margin of the lake, full in front of the now-detested pavilion, and at the bottom of the steps which led to the ascent.

The memory of the sensations he had experienced when last within its walls rushed, with accumulated force, upon his mind, and he hastily returned to quit a spot so unhallowed, when a deep sigh from the interior rivetted his footsteps to

the ground. For an instant a thousand wild and improbable fancies presented themselves to his imagination, and he almost expected to see Mary, in the company of Trevanion, issue from the portal.

While he yet hesitated, a second sigh, as deep as the first, again caught his ear, and he no longer delayed entering the summer-house, in order to satisfy himself as to the person of the mourner.

Stretched on one of the sofas, his hair and dress in such disorder as evinced him not to have passed the preceding night in his bed, with his face pale and haggard, and his whole frame weak and attenuated, reposed, or rather lay, a human form, which, starting from its recumbent position, in evident discomposure at his intrusion, discovered to his view the person of Beresford.

The surprise and unexpectedness of their meeting operated most strongly on either party, and it was some time before Charles could find words to express the shock

shock he had experienced at beholding his friend under circumstances which betokened that the distress of mind in which he had left him was so little abated. The appearance of Beresford was indeed truly wretched, and Baldwin, easily comprehending the feelings which had drawn him from his couch—feelings to which some of a similar nature beat but too responsive in his own bosom—drew him gently from the pavilion, after the first ebullition of satisfaction at his return had subsided, towards the house, which they re-entered together.

During their walk, Baldwin recounted the motives of his journey, the ill success of it, till his accidental meeting with Duddle, and his subsequent interview with Mary, the inauspicious termination of which he cautiously concealed, justly fearing the recital might add to the angry emotions already predominant in the mind of his hearer against her husband, and then set himself seriously about the task

 he

he had imposed upon himself, of endeavouring to induce his respected friend to extend the olive-branch to his erring, but repentant daughter.

The difficulty of gaining this point was, however, greater than even he had anticipated from the perusal of the letter. The old gentleman would hear of nothing which at all tended to reconciliation; and when Charles, in the most solemn manner, declared it his unalterable determination that nothing should ever induce him to avail himself of the intended bequest, his distress and agitation became extreme, as with the most earnest and almost frantic entreaties, he attempted to prevail on him to rescind his resolution, and, bursting into tears, adjured, him in the most affecting manner, to take pity on his abandoned situation, and afford the only comfort to his broken heart which it was now capable of receiving; adding, that could he but be certain his property would descend unbroken to the adopted child of

his

his affection, which his perverse offspring had refused to share, he should descend into his grave with comparative resignation.

There was a degree of embarrassment and mystery in the urgent solicitation with which Beresford ceased not to assail him, that could not but excite the surprise and curiosity of our hero: it seemed to him at times, that his guardian had some farther view in this disposition of his fortune, than merely to punish his daughter, or revenge himself on Trevanion; but of what nature that object could be, he found himself totally unable to form any conjecture which wore even a show of probability; and when he once ventured to hint as much, Mr. Beresford, with certainly not decreased agitation, abruptly broke off the subject, and for the moment pressed him no more, though he failed not shortly after to return to the attack.

Time flew on with rapid wings, and Baldwin, at length grown almost hopeless

of success, was about to abandon the attempt in despair, and quit the kingdom, without attaining the object on which he had set his heart, trusting, that when he himself should be removed to a distance, the still-exasperated father might relent.

He had, soon after his return to the Grange, applied to sir Charles De Laval, who, while he lamented his intentions, and strongly remonstrated with him against their execution, still, when he found his resolution not to be shaken, promised to exert his utmost interest in his behalf with the directory at home; at the same time giving him letters of introduction to two gentlemen, both high in office at Calcutta, with whom he had been remarkably intimate, and which he knew would be sufficient to secure his young friend a cordial and distinguished reception. But when he came, by Charles's desire, to break the matter to his guardian, a sudden and violent attack of the gout, which immediately seized upon Beresford on the first hint

hint of Charles's quitting England, and after flying about for some little time, at length settled in his stomach, so that for many hours his life was in the greatest danger, prevented any thought of his immediate departure. This painful and dangerous enemy was at length, however, happily dislodged from his position, and driven into the extremities.

One evening, as he was sitting with his feet wrapt in flannels, his complaint not having yet entirely subsided, he addressed himself somewhat suddenly to Charles, who had that morning, for the first time since his attack, ventured to renew the accustomed topic, which, to his astonishment, he did not, as usual, recoil from, but informed him, that during his late illness he had thought more and oftener on the deplorable situation his daughter would be left in, should his sudden decease leave her under the awful weight of a father's malediction; that the result of the reflections of a sleepless night was, that on two

two conditions, neither perhaps absolutely depending upon herself, but towards the fulfilment of both of which her influence might mainly conduce, he would *forgive* her fault, and once more receive her as the cherished darling of his affection.

The first thing which he required was, that Baldwin should at once abandon his design of going to India; the other he did not at that time choose to state, merely saying, that its performance depended principally on Trevanion, with whom he should converse upon the subject; that, if in the mean time Charles would give him a pledge for his execution of the first article, he had his permission to write to Mrs. Trevanion, and inform her that the doors of the Grange were once more open to receive her.

A burst of tears issued from his eyes as he concluded, while Baldwin, who could scarcely believe his ears, sprang forward, and kissed the hand he now fervently grasped, declaring, 'that he should esteem,

not

not only his prospects in India, but even his life, a cheap sacrifice, could he be the means of restoring his daughter to the arms of a father whom she so dearly loved, and whose affection was so unboundedly returned.

Instantly leaving the room, he sat down to communicate the welcome intelligence to Duddle, whom he thought proper to address, not knowing but that the Trevanions might have changed their lodgings, requesting him to call immediately on them, and break the happy tidings to them, at the same time giving them hopes of an immediate letter of recall from Mr. Beresford; and this he had now no difficulty in procuring, as that gentleman, having once begun to relent, now felt as earnest and eager for the conclusion of the business as even Baldwin himself. Indeed there was now a degree of feverish impatience and restless anxiety in his manner, the more inexplicable, as, till the present moment, he had ever preserved, through

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the whole of his affliction, a cold austerity of demeanour, and affected stoicism, which, if at the time it failed to impose on those who witnessed it, still rendered his present deportment no less remarkable. His letter, however, was written and dispatched; and Charles then, for the first time, began to consider the extent of the promise to which he had engaged.

When he reflected on what had passed at their last interview, he saw how difficult, how impossible, it would be for him to meet Trevanion in amity. The blow still glowed in fiery characters on his remembrance; and but for the interposing form of Mary, he felt how gladly he would have encountered death itself to wipe out the stain in the blood of the offender; yet, when he recollected, that to vindicate his insulted honour, he must inflict a deadly wound on the felicity of her, from giving the slightest pain to whom every feeling of his heart revolted, he determined, as the only way left, to conquer him by the

magnanimity

magnanimity of his revenge; and, by forcing him to accept benefits from the hand of one whom he had so grossly injured, to inflict on him the bitterest pang of remorse, and the insufferable weight of owing an obligation to a man whom we know we have treated with unprovoked injury and insult: added to this, the promise which he had given, extended no farther than to prevent his projected voyage to India; and though he felt, that should he quit his native country for any other even less distant part of the globe, it would be little better than a disingenuous equivocation, still he was not without hopes of being able, after a time, to prevail on Beresford to relax in this article, at least, so far as to permit his temporary absence in some neighbouring country, and in the mean time to allow him to absent himself for a few weeks from the Grange.

This latter request he urged with so much

much vehemence, that his guardian, tho', from ignorance of what had occurred, he was incapable of understanding the whole of his motives, yet entered so far into his feelings as to accord a reluctant consent.

On the morning of the very day, therefore, which saw Mary restored to the home of her father, did Baldwin, mounted on his favourite gelding, attended by a lad whom he had some time before taken into his service, quit its hospitable walls. He first bent his way to Appleton, and called on Mr. Bagshaw, with whom he remained closeted nearly an hour; then he proceeded on foot to sir Charles De Laval's, when, having knocked at the door, accidentally turning his head, he beheld a figure, much resembling that of Duddle, at some distance, arm in arm with a lady, whom he had no difficulty *of instantly recognising* as Miss Letitia Drummond; but whether the gentleman was indeed the person he supposed him

to

to be, he was prevented from ascertaining; a servant that moment opening the door, and admitting him into the presence of the baronet, by whom, as usual, he was most kindly received.

After apologizing for the unnecessary trouble he had given him, and returning him at the same time his warmest acknowledgments for the interest he had taken in his welfare, Charles made him acquainted with the insuperable dislike entertained by Mr. Beresford to his visiting Calcutta, and his relinquishment of the plan in consequence; nor did he conceal from his kind friend his present intention of avoiding the Grange, hoping, before the period fixed on for his return, to inure its friendly owner to his absence, and to obtain his permission to visit the Continent. This scheme, was warmly applauded by sir Charles, who hesitated not to express the pleasure he felt at his having given up the idea of a voyage to India; adding—"Lady De Laval and myself have long been talking

ing of making a little tour round the coast—what say you to joining our party? I need not say what pleasure your society would afford to both of us, and how much my indolent habits would be relieved by your assistance on the road; while a little occupation, my young friend, and the company of those whom, I flatter myself, you honour with some portion of your regard, will be at present much better for you than solitude, and perhaps have the effect of chasing from your mind the reminiscence of circumstances which may now occupy and distress it."

This Baldwin felt to be impossible; but his kind friend so warmly urged his request, protesting that he would take no denial; that, in common gratitude, he could not refuse acceding to a proposal which he plainly saw, in spite of the flimsy veil thrown over it by the good-natured baronet, was conceived on the spur of the moment, and intended solely for his benefit. Ordering his horse therefore into the stable, he

he consented to take his dinner with them that day, on the understanding that they should set out upon their meditated trip on the morrow.

During the temporary absence of sir Charles, who had retired to procure his lady's consent to the arrangement (a matter which, he foresaw, would be attended with no great difficulty), Charles remained, leaning his head upon his hand, in the recess of one of the windows, painfully ruminating on his future prospects, and half-repenting the assent he had given to the proposed journey, feeling sensibly that he was at present but ill fitted for a companion, and that the society of any, even the dearest friend he had, must be, as yet, irksome to him: he stood wrapt in thought, when his attention was attracted by a postchaise-and-four, which rolled rapidly by the window, and proceeded at a full trot up the street. The transit was instantaneous, but not sufficiently quick to prevent his recognising, in the occupants

pants of the vehicle, the persons of Mary and her husband. He sighed deeply, as he turned from his position to receive lady De Laval upon her entrance; while, in a few moments, a cold sensation thrilled through every nerve, as the bells of St. Mary's struck up a lively peal, to welcome the arrival of the bride and bridegroom.

"What on earth can the bells have been ringing for all the afternoon in this manner?" said Mrs. Macfardle to her next neighbour, Miss Drybone, at a tea-and-cake party held that evening at the house of the former; "they have done nothing but ring, ring, ring, till one's ears are almost deafened."

"Very true, madam; 'tis a sad inconvenience indeed. I wish, for my part, that there were no such things in the town; and so does my brother the doctor——I am sure it's impossible to attend to one's cards—diamonds, I think, are trumps."

"Yes, ma'am, I turned the knave——I really think they ought not to be allowed

to

to make such a detestable noise; they are quite a nuisance——I'll trouble you to see that last trick. Thank ye, ma'am."

"And would you really," said Miss Drummond, with a most sentimental sigh, her eyes, and the gentle inclination of her body, giving full force to her expressions—"would you really be so cruel as to proscribe what forms so prominent a feature in hymeneal festivities?—would you indeed condemn to silence the delightful bells that fling their joyous sounds responsive to the gale?——What say you, Mr. Duddle—does not the sound of the bells, on a fine, still, moonlight evening, convey to the susceptible heart one of the most delightful sensations which the soul is capable of receiving?"

Johnny (for it was himself in *propria persona*), whose susceptible heart had never experienced any delightful sensation from the sound of any bell he had ever heard in his life, except the dinner-bell on the roof of his mamma's house at Clap-

ham,

ham, hardly knew how to answer this appeal. Having preceded the Trevanions down, and not finding Baldwin at the Grange, he had sense enough to perceive that, just at the present juncture, his company could be dispensed with there; so had prudently returned to Appleton, where he accepted an invitation to dine with Mrs. Drummond, and afterwards accompanied her and the simpering Letitia, whose attentions to him, now she had no longer hopes of either Baldwin or Trevanion, had begun to produce some effect at Mrs. Macfardle's. He occupied the chair next to her during the whole evening, as the sneaking kindness he began to feel for her had been much increased in the course of the day, by the judicious care she had taken to keep his plate well filled during dinner; and though it must be confessed the custards manufactured by her own fair hands were not altogether so pleasing to the nice tact of his palate, as those in which the cook at the Grange had so

much

much distinguished herself, they were still by no means to be despised--a circumstance he had communicated to her in a very gallant manner, after having dispatched some half-dozen of them, with a rapidity which marked his approbation.

Had she confined her question to the delightful sensations arising from the sight of a well-replenished table, or the melodious sounds proceeding from the active employment of the knife and fork, John would doubtless have been at no loss for a reply; but as to mental pleasures, his ideas were, to say the truth, somewhat confused; and he was pondering an answer, when his evil genius, in the form of Mrs. Gruby, who now entered the room, saved him the necessity of making any. This lady, in whose raised complexion and agitated manner evident traces of strong emotion might be perceived, sailed most majestically up to the lady of the house, who rose to receive her, and began a hurried apology for having made it so

late, accounting for her delay by saying, that, after nearly reaching the door, she had been obligated to go back, and dress herself all over again—"For, do you know, ma'am," continued she, "just as I was a-stepping over the gutter, and thinking of nothing at all, a great overgrown *feller* run right against me, and gave me such a shove that I lost my *hequibylerium*, and down tumbles me on my knees in the dirt."

The whole sympathy of the room was at once in requisition, and a circle was immediately formed round the unfortunate matron, eager to hear a more detailed account of this disastrous adventure; captain Ironside, of the regiment then quartered in the town, declaring, with an oath, that the rascal ought to be crucified, who had dared to commit so gross a misdemeanour—an assertion which was echoed by his friend lieutenant Watkinson, who, with much gravity in his face, congratulated her on her escaping without personal injury.

injury, and hoped she had succeeded in finding again the article she had so unluckily lost in her fall.

"Lost! Lord lovee, sir! I lost nothing, thank ye; though, to be sure, I was very near having von of my shoes slipping off."

"I beg your pardon, madam, and rejoice that I was mistaken. I thought I understood you that you had lost an *hequy*—something which, from the concern with which you mentioned it, I feared had been an article of value."

"Oh, my *hequibylerium!* vy, so I did, or how should I have tumbled down, you know?"

"It was only a walking-stick then, I presume, madam?"

"A valking-stick indeed!" and as she said this, her eyes turned full upon her hypocritical commiserator, to see if it were possible he could be laughing at her; the unruffled solemnity, however, of Watkinson's well-tutored features defied her scrutiny—"a valking-stick!—no, sir, I never

 use

use no valking-sticks; if I had had von, I should have laid it across the *feller's* back pretty soundly, I can tell you that."

"He would have come off but too cheaply with so slight a punishment, madam," rejoined Ironside; "annihilation is the least he ought to expect; and I should glory in the office of inflicting the chastisement upon him which he so well merits."

"No, sir—no, I thank ye; though, I must say, your *hoffer* is wastly civil. But you gentlemen of the *harmy* are so polite! —But I have a son, sir, a *hofficer* in the *harmy*—Mr. *Hoctavius* Gruby, a *hofficer* in the *loco*, sir—and he'll punish enough, I warrant him, if I can find him out; and I am sure I shall know him again, for he had a vite hat on, and a very predominant nose."

At this moment her eye fell on the nasal promontory of Duddle, which, though it certainly bore little resemblance to that of a Nero, being of the order which is vulgarly

garly termed *bottle*, was yet undoubtedly by no means the least conspicuous feature in his face.

"Vell, as I hope for mercy, if there isn't the very man!—Pray, how dared you give me such a shove?——Here, *Hoctavius*—captain Gruby, my dear—if here isn't the very *feller* as flung me in the mud."

Captain, or more properly ensign, Gruby (for that was the rank he really bore in the ——— local militia) advanced, on this requisition, from the lower end of the room, with very unwilling footsteps; but, casting his eyes on the pale and astounded countenance of Duddle, who began, with the greatest eagerness and much rapidity of elocution, to deny any knowledge of the accident whatever, he felt somewhat reassured, and summoning up all the martial terrors of visage nature had put it in his power to muster, pompously exclaimed —"I suppose, sir, you know what you

 subject

subject yourself to by actions of this here sort?"

"No, really, sir," said Duddle, "I know nothing at all about the matter; and as to pushing your mamma in the mud, sir, I declare I have not even been in the street the whole evening, as these ladies can witness."

This Miss Drummond, eagerly interfering, positively asserted to be true, saying that their friend had dined and spent the whole of the day at their house. But nothing could convince Mrs. Gruby of the mistake, as she again insisted that the rude aggressor had possessed a most *predominant* nose, and appealed to the company if Duddle's did not come under that description: as to the hat (for here again the weight of evidence was in favour of the accused, his well-brushed beaver being as black as jet), that he might have changed.

"Very true, madam," whispered Watkinson,

kinson, who enjoyed the scene highly; "but the commutation of a nose is by no means so easy a matter."

"No, sir, to be sure it isn't; and though he has not got his vite hat on, I can take my Bible oath, 'tis the same man."

"If you think an affidavit necessary, madam, my friend Ironside, I believe, is a magistrate, and will, I am sure, feel much pleasure in accommodating you."

"No, sir—no, I thank ye," replied the matron, whose anger was somewhat abated by this proposal; "not that I could not do it safely; but there's no necessity for that, you know, as I'm so positive."

The ensign, meanwhile, who had reconnoitred the face of his opponent, in which he found no great symptoms of the fire-eater, thought this no bad opportunity of giving the ladies a high idea of his valour; with as tremendous a frown, therefore, as his physiognomy would allow, he demanded Mr. Duddle's card, muttering something in an under-tone about pistols and

 satisfaction.

satisfaction. Poor John, who thought, with honest David in the play, that "there is not so merciless a beast in the whole world as your loaded pistol," trembled at the very name, and would probably have volunteered an apology for an offence he had never committed, but for the interposition of Watkinson, who interfered, saying that was a very improper place for the arrangement of a business of that description; it had better, therefore, be deferred to a more convenient opportunity, while, for the present, they returned to the service of the ladies, one of whom he was sorry to see more especially in need of their attentions.

The lady alluded to was the gentle Letitia, who wishing to give Duddle in particular a proof of her tender regard, and the company in general another of her sensibility, now thought proper to exhibit an artificial hysteric, which she performed with the greatest eclat; and, on her revival, was supported home by her commiserating beau,

beau, who gladly took that opportunity of withdrawing himself from an assembly in which he began to find the seat he occupied extremely uneasy, fully resolving, as soon as he had escorted his fair and sensitive companion to her own home, to take advantage of the first postchaise he could procure, and avoid the blood-thirsty proceedings which his protracted stay might otherwise compel him to be a party in.

This determination of his had, however, been anticipated by Watkinson, who being a great lover of what is sometimes called fun, and, from certain indications in Duddle's countenance, conjecturing his design, formed a counter-project in his own mind to frustrate it, and bring the adventure to a more amusing catastrophe. Whispering a few words to the no-less-mischievous Ironside, he followed the party from the room, and keeping at a little distance, saw the object of his pursuit (after resisting the pressing entreaties of both ladies to walk in and partake of

 their

their supper, and promising the younger one that he would proceed no farther in this unpleasant business, but give up all sanguinary intentions whatever—a promise he most devoutly intended to observe) cross the street towards the inn, when he instantly walked up and accosted him. His first address caused a considerable degree of trepidation in the nerves of John, who, by this time, entertained a most hearty aversion to any thing like a red coat or gorget. But the crafty lieutenant soon contrived to effect a change in his sentiments. He began by expressing his indignation at the ungentlemanly conduct of Gruby, insinuating at the same time pretty broadly, that no man but a most egregious coward would have acted as he had done before a party of ladies; a character which, he also asserted, that person had appeared in more than once, having been repeatedly caned and kicked for his impertinence in a variety of instances; paying at the same time many compli-

ments

ments to the coolness and self-possession of his new friend, as he begged to style him; adding, that he hoped for the pleasure of his company, to spend the next day with him, after he had received the abject apologies his dastardly antagonist would no doubt make him, if indeed, which he thought very unlikely, he could be prevailed upon to face him at all.

"Is he indeed so notorious a coward, and are you quite sure of it?" stammered out Duddle.

"Oh! pusillanimous to a proverb; I assure you I have witnessed fifty instances of it myself; you must have observed the absolute tremour he was in when he addressed you; nothing can exceed his cowardice but his impudence, and he has got into so many scrapes by it, that during all last summer he was obliged to walk about with his nose soaped, to render the frequent pulls he received upon that organ less effectual: but, my dear sir, you must allow me to act as your friend in this

 affair.

affair, and I will take care that you shall receive the most ample reparation for the insult he offered you. I have no doubt but he will think himself but too happy to get off with offering an apology upon his knees, which I should advise you to accept, and let the matter terminate, as you will get little credit if you were to kill so notorious a poltroon."

"By no means," said Duddle, the thermometer of whose courage had again got above the freezing point; "I am by no means desirous of doing any such thing; and if you think he will make the apology, I shall be quite contented with it."

"I give you great credit for your forbearance," cried Watkinson; "but come," continued he, turning to the waiter, (for the latter part of this conversation had passed upon the stairs of the Red Lion), "bring up a bottle of your best wine, and d'ye hear? if any gentlemen inquire for me, shew them up directly."

This injunction once more caused a fluctuation

fluctuation in Duddle's ideas, but the arguments and assurances of his friend, aided by the champaigne, again screwed him up to the proper pitch, especially as the prolonged absence of his enemy now gave him great hopes that he would not come at all.

Ironside, meanwhile, in consequence of the hint he had received, played a no less successful game with ensign Gruby, whose disposition, though not exactly accordant with Watkinson's exaggeration, had much of the "milk of human kindness in it," and never would have prompted him to "wade through slaughter to a throne," or to any thing else.

The captain's first care had been to slip across to his own lodgings, where he provided himself with a brace of pistols, and ordering his servant to procure a small quantity of bullock's blood in a basin, and carry it to the Red Lion for him, returned to the company. He found the conversation turning upon Trevanion's return with

with his bride, of which, and of the circumstances of the marriage, as many various accounts were given as there were speakers; when, after some time, he took an opportunity of touching Gruby on the arm, and requesting to speak a few words with him below stairs. Having succeeded in withdrawing him from the company, he informed him that Mr. Duddle was now waiting for him at the inn to decide their difference immediately, as the fury he was in, from having been so publicly insulted before the lady he was paying his addresses to, would brook no delay.

This intelligence struck his hearer with the utmost dismay, who certainly had never calculated on the dispute being put to mortal arbitrement at all, much less in so sudden a manner. In the most manifest disturbance, he began to utter something about the unseasonableness of the hour, and the impossibility of procuring either weapons or a second at that time in the evening. These objections, of course, were

were instantly obviated by the captain, who, enjoying his evident discomposure, which he nevertheless strove to conceal, under an assumption of ferocity, told him Mr. Duddle had already procured the necessary instruments, and that he himself should be proud to officiate as his friend on the occasion, especially as Watkinson was in attendance on his adversary, of whose determination and spirit he spoke in such high terms, that Gruby, whose brow was now covered with cold drops of perspiration, commenced a speech, the purport of which was to express the absolute necessity of his making a will before he accepted such an appointment; when fearing he had gone too far, and that he never should get his man to the scene of action, Ironside changed his battery, and throwing out many oblique inuendoes, hinted that he had little doubt but this extraordinary valour in his opponent was for the most part assumed, and only put on for the purpose of intimidating his adversary,

versary, and covering his own fears; nay, that he had not the slightest hesitation in believing, that the whole might be easily accommodated without bloodshed. Something inspirited by this last intimation, and resolving to make any concession that might be required of him, rather than fight, Gruby reluctantly suffered himself to be conducted to the Red Lion, where he was ushered at once into the presence of his adversary.

A cool and ceremonious greeting was interchanged between the hostile parties; during which, the fierce and bobadil demeanour assumed by the principals was admirably contrasted with the affected gravity and solemnity of deportment which appeared in the manner of their plenipotentiaries, who, after holding a short conference at the farther end of the room, pronounced it impossible, after the public mode in which the quarrel had commenced, that the parties could separate, consistently with the rules of honour, without

without at least exchanging shots; after the first fire, should a ball have taken place, the affair would, of course, be settled, or should both remain uninjured, a concession might come from either party, without the slightest degradation or impeachment of character.

Dire indeed was the dismay of both the heroes when this tremendous award was given; the more so, as each had been led to expect a very different result of the consultation, and that an amicable adjustment would have taken place at once, and a bottle of champaigne have cemented their re-established harmony. Poor Gruby, whose knees already approximated each other in quick vibrations, with difficulty supported himself in the position which the mischievous Ironside now assigned him, his trembling hand utterly unable to command, or even raise the deadly weapon which had been thrust into it; while Duddle, with quivering lips, and eyes starting out of their sockets, grasped

grasped his pistol in all the frenzy of despair, and without waiting for the signal, discharged it full at the head of his antagonist, who received the whole of its contents in his face, and uttering a hideous yell, fell extended on the floor, bathed in blood, which he devoutly believed to be his own, vociferating, with a rigour which loudly gave the lie to his assertions, that he was a dead man.

The conqueror, little less frightened, stood for an instant stupefied at his success; when, as his scattered faculties returned, viewing the prostrate form of his fallen foe, and nothing doubting, from the gore which disfigured his features, that he had actually blown his brains out, all the horrors of his own situation rushed at once upon his mind; a varied and visionary scene of lawyers, judges, black gowns, and three-tailed wigs in the foreground, with Jack Ketch and the gallows in the perspective, danced in all the mazes of confusion before his eyes, and springing

to

to the door, which Watkinson opened for his retreat, he made but one step from the landing-place to the hall-door, and flying down the street, reached the Mitre, where, finding the ostler, who luckily was not yet gone to bed, by his assistance he procured a postchaise, into which he threw himself with breathless precipitation, and left Appleton on the full gallop.

The discomfited Octavius was in the meantime, by the care of his military friends, conveyed to the kitchen, and cleansed from the sanguine streams which so wofully disfigured his visage. For some time terror operated so strongly on his mind, as to disorder the little intellect he possessed, and the wags who had reduced him to this condition began to fear they had carried the joke a little too far; by degrees, however, he became alive to the consciousness that he was still in existence on this side "Erebus and Pluto's damned

damned lake;" that, in point of fact, he had sustained no loss of life or limb, and that the only damage actually received was the total extinction of a new dimity waistcoat, rendered completely *hors de combat*, and a few yards of muslin which had envelop-ed his chin in the form of a cravat, and whose pristine beauties the most persever-ing immersion, or the more dispuriating properties of the bleaching liquid itself, must ever fail to restore. As this convic-tion gained ground, his eyes were opened to the conduct of his military adviser and his companion, and for a moment the de-sire of revenge occupied his whole soul; but cooler thoughts soon succeeded, and feeling little inclined to a renewal of the scene he had just gone through, which perhaps might not terminate so shame-lessly as the last; comprehending at the same time the ridicule which would attach to him when once the fame of his exploit got wind, he followed Duddle's example, and

and quitted the neighbourhood for a time, fully resolving never to engage in another duel, either as principal or second, upon any provocation whatsoever.

CHAPTER II.

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas!

VIRGIL.

....

Delusive Hope can charm no more;
Far from the faithless maid I roam,
Unfriended seek a foreign shore,
Unpitied leave my native home! *Old Ballad.*

EARLY on the following morning, sir Charles and lady Delaval, accompanied by the dejected Baldwin, left Appleton on their proposed tour. The road they had taken wound through one of the most fertile and picturesque counties in Great Britain, and everywhere presented to the eye beauties which the most lukewarm admirer of nature could not have failed to contemplate with pleasure and delight.

If the bolder features of the goddess which

which are wont to create sensations of awe or enthusiasm, were wanting in the view, the milder charms of the varied landscape, the appearance of plenty which it exhibited, and the graceful alternations of wood and water with which it was adorned, made ample amends for the absence of the mountain and the cataract.

The effect produced upon the travellers by the scenes through which they passed, was by no means the same. The worthy baronet, his mind attuned to harmony, at peace with himself and all the world, highly enjoyed the varied prospect which was ever opening to his view, and was mentally employed in contrasting it with those of no less, though dissimilar beauty, which he had witnessed in foreign countries, during many an active and arduous campaign. Entering too at once into the feelings of his young friend, he purposely forbore for the present from forcing on him a conversation which, though politeness

ness would not suffer him to decline, he knew must be irksome to his soul.

Her ladyship, after the first few miles, finding it impossible to subdue the determined silence of the general, and unsatisfied with the brief and vague replies which she extorted from her other *compagnon du voyage*, gave up the attempt in despair; and having little taste for the picturesque, solaced herself with making up by a sound nap for the interruption her slumbers had received by the early commencement of their journey, agreeably filling up occasional intervals of wakefulness with the perusal of a new romance.

Poor Charles gazed on the ever-varying view before him with an aching heart and a vacant eye. A superficial observer would perhaps have imagined him totally occupied in the contemplation of the beauties of the country, to which in happier days he had ever been most feelingly alive; but one accustomed to scrutinize the

movements

movements of "the human face divine" would have at once discerned, in the compression of his lips, the slight contraction of his brow, and the fixed dead glare of his heavy eye, that the mind within, insensible to all about it, was solely taken up with some internal and deep-rooted sorrows of its own.

It was evening, when emerging from the shade of some extensive woodlands, they reached a bold eminence, where the sea, smooth, mild, and sparkling in the brilliance of the setting sun, stretched its wide expanse almost from beneath their feet. A few dark clouds alone, whose lurid edges skirted the western part of the horizon, seemed prepared to receive the glorious orb that was fast sinking into their bosoms, and gave a strong forewarning that the present calm would not be of any long duration.

For the first time during their journey, Baldwin looked with interest on the scene, and a tear started in his eye, as fancy re-

presented to him his own destiny, typified in what was passing before him. His morn of life had been clear and unsullied; his meridian, though sometimes checkered with a cloud, bright and dazzling; the evening of his day promised, like that before him, to be brief, stormy, and obscure; his every prospect was become fast shrouded in increasing gloom, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness, rested on it."

Sir Charles, who had been some time watching his countenance with a sympathizing eye, readily conceived what was passing in his mind, and pressed his hand in silence, as lady Deaval broke the charm, by expressing, in a rather peevish tone, her doubt of the little fishing-town, to which they were fast approaching, being able to afford them any tolerable accommodation for the night.

"A very few minutes happily convinced her of the unreasonableness of her fears; a clean and comfortable, though frugal supper being served up at the George in H——,

H——, in an apartment which was at least neatly, if not splendidly, furnished. The repast heartily partaken of by her ladyship, more sparingly by sir Charles, and scarcely noticed by Baldwin, was at length removed; and the worthy baronet, with his better half, sought the retirement of their chamber. Charles, who, though oppressed with weariness, felt little inclination, and less ability, to lose the remembrance of his sorrows in sleep, seized his hat, and wandered down to the beach, that now echoed with the violent incursions of the increasing surge. The wind, in fitful gusts, gave "dreadful note of preparation" for the tempest which was evidently brewing; and the screaming sea-mew, as she sought her nest in some hollow of the rocky cliffs above, seemed to fly with apprehension from the fury of the coming storm.

Heedless of the billows which burst with unavailing violence at his feet, Baldwin pursued his way in melancholy ab-

straction, revolving in his mind the past, the present, and the doubtful future, till his vacillating ideas, influenced by the same, and recurring to the chain of thought which had occupied them but a few hours before, by degrees embodied themselves, and found vent in the following lines:—

My boyhood was an April morn,
Then sunshine glitter'd o'er my head;
My little cares were lightly borne,
And few and brief the tears I shed.

My youth is but a winter's day,
And clouds, and show'rs, and sorrows come;
And feebly now life's parting ray
But glimmers through increasing gloom!

Yet night, on friendly wing, draws near,
And sweet the rest her shadows bring,
Till morn shall once again appear,
And wake me to a second spring.

The wavering and uncertain light of a watery moon, over whose surface the scud passed in swift succession, with difficulty enabled him to inscribe this sombre effu-

sion

sion in a blank leaf of his pocketbook, when broad drops of rain, accompanied with a long reverberating peal of distant thunder, afforded a strong hint of the probable fury of the elements, and the necessity of his seeking a place of shelter: the summons would probably have passed unregarded, but a vivid flash of blue forked lightning, that, quivering over the surface of the waves, seemed at length to penetrate and lose itself in their lowest abyss, awakened Baldwin to a sense of his situation, and the distance his wayward rambling had placed between himself and the town. With a deep sigh he replaced the pocketbook in its proper receptacle, and retraced his path to the inn. The storm meanwhile increased in violence, and long ere he reached the place of his destination, his soiled and drenched habiliments, which had suffered equally from the rain and the dashing of the spray, bore ample witness to its violence: seizing a candle from the hand of his obsequious,

 but

but astonished host, he abruptly retired to his room.

When Trevanion and his wife arrived at the Grange, Mr. Beresford had just risen from a solitary meal, which the agitation of his mind had obliged him to dismiss almost untasted; nor was Mary less affected, as the carriage, after rolling through the long dark avenue of beech trees which shaded the approach, drew up to the steps leading to the saloon.

To the meeting between the father and his child, description is inadequate: "some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon," and a tender solemnity of manner in Beresford alone announced to his daughter his grief for her departure, and joy at her return. Of her husband, his reception, though meant to be cordial, was nevertheless tinctured with a degree of involuntary restraint, which, after a few days, seemed rather to increase than diminish; and Mary beheld with regret and pain, that though from the moment of their

their arrival, no syllable of reproach had passed his lips, their society nevertheless appeared irksome to him, and that his solitary perambulations in the neighbouring woods became more frequent and prolonged. A something seemed labouring in his breast, which alike repelled sympathy, and baffled inquiry. There were times when his manner was even wild, and he would bend on Trevanion the fixed and scrutinizing glance of an eye, whose hidden meaning defied the curiosity its expression could not fail to excite.

One morning, about two months after their return, Trevanion, in the absence of his wife's father, (who had gone out on one of his accustomed rambles, after shewing more than usual disquiet), told his wife that he should carry a volume of poetry, which he had been engaged in reading, into the pavilion by the lake, until she should cease to be occupied by some little domestic arrangements which required her care, in order that the beauty

 of

of the surrounding scenery might give additional zest to the descriptive powers of the bard of

> "Caledonia, stern and wild,
> "Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

the offspring of whose glowing fancy then furnished food for his attention. Taking up the book, he proceeded to the spot, and leaning from the window opposite the door, which he had thrown up on his entrance, busied himself for some time in contemplating the lovely extent of country which lay stretched before him. From his meditation he was roused by the sound of a light step behind him, and turning quickly round, his eye encountered that of Baldwin, who advanced hastily from the portal.

"Well met, Mr. Trevanion," cried the latter, as entering he closed the door behind him: "once more, well met!—you and I, sir, have a long account to settle, and

and the time is at last come when it shall be discharged with interest."

"Mr. Baldwin," replied Trevanion, recovering from the surprise occasioned by the unexpected appearance of one whom he believed far distant, "when last we met, labouring under what I would fain hope was a misapprehension, I treated you in a way which my sober reason cannot but condemn, and the more severely, as several circumstances since my arrival here conspire to persuade me that my conjectures at the time were too hastily conceived, and my subsequent conduct——"

"No more of that, sir, if you please; your memory is probably not so treacherous but it may serve to remind you of the denunciation I made on quitting the apartment in which (do I live to speak it!) you dared to violate the sanctity of my person by a vile blow; I then swore to be revenged, Mr. Trevanion; I am come to keep my oath."

"Well,

"Well, sir, if such be your purpose, you must take what measures you think proper; if your own recollection of the circumstances in which I am placed, and the habit I wear, afford no grounds for the suspension of your hostility, I shall suggest none."

"Nay, sir, flatter not yourself that the sacred habit you wear, or the still more powerful protection of one whom I would suffer the most excruciating pangs that ever tyrant inflicted, or devoted martyr felt, rather than give one moment's pain to, can now avail to shield you from my just resentment. These are indeed sufficient to secure your paltry life, but you shall feel, and if you have a heart, *you will feel it most keenly*, the heavier vengeance of an injured man. Receive this packet; its contents will be as wormwood, and with it take—my forgiveness."

Thus saying he drew a small parcel from his pocketbook, and placed it in Trevanion's hand, and then turned to the win-

dow.

dow. The astonished Trevanion, hardly yet recovered from the suddenness of his address, broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment which it enclosed, perceived the contents to be a deed, properly executed, being a total and absolute renunciation, on the part of Charles Baldwin, of all kinds of property, of any description whatsoever, given and bequeathed, or which might be given and bequeathed him, by Francis Beresford, esquire, in favour of the reverend George Trevanion and Mary his wife; together with a deed of gift conveying to the aforesaid Mary Trevanion, the sum of five thousand pounds in the five per cent. consols, now standing in the name of the said Charles Baldwin, having been presented to him by Mr. Beresford, in addition to his own property, on his coming of age.

The packet also contained two letters in Mr. Beresford's handwriting, addressed to Baldwin, and dated since the commencement of his late tour, which contained

 ample

ample proof that by his unwearied solicitation alone, and promised abandonment of his intention to quit the country, had the father been induced to relent, and again receive his daughter and the husband she had chosen so contrary to his inclination.

Painfully convinced that the suspicions he had entertained were indeed erroneous, and overcome by the mode in which they had been avenged, Trevanion closed the paper, humbled and ashamed; nor could any reproaches from his insulted visitor have wounded him so deeply as those now inflicted by his own ingenuous, though rash and impetuous heart. The first impulse of his generous and repentant mind was to tear the paper into atoms, and to implore Baldwin, on his deep contrition, to consign his intemperate conduct to oblivion, and in the enjoyment of whatever his friend might bestow on him, to live with them united in a family of love. Charles's interposition was just in time to prevent the demolition of the deed.

" No,

"No, Trevanion," said he, "this must not be; never could I live to see her whom I used fondly to think my own Mary in the arms of another; it is better for all parties that I should depart: spite of the extorted promise I have given your father-in-law, I feel that I could not keep it and live; I must away then, and have little doubt that, blessed as he now will be in the presence of his children, my dear friend will, on reflection, be easily induced to pardon this breach of faith in one who feels that his existence depends upon the forfeiture of his word. To you, Trevanion, I leave it to plead my cause with him; tell him that when I shall so far have succeeded in subduing my unhappy passion, as to make it possible for me to revisit these scenes with any thing like composure, I will again fly to his presence. An immeasurable ocean will soon roll between us; during my journey with the Delavals, an opportunity has occurred, the most favourable, of my visiting Canada,

da, in the company of their friend captain Morrison. I hasten to avail myself of it. Let not my venerable friend know of this interview; and when the sea divides us, if at any future time the same rashness of disposition should tempt you to vent your anger upon Mary, remember this moment —remember that to her you owe your life; that she alone has wrested the weapon of destruction from my grasp, and, like the supernatural influence on the prophet of old, converted curses into blessings."

A footstep sounded from without, and dreading to be seen, Charles muttered an adieu, then hastily springing from the open window, rushed through the intervening shrubs, and pursued his way in an opposite direction towards the high road.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

> Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
> That darest thus, grim and terrible, advance
> Thy miscreated front athwart my way? MILTON.
>
> . . . .
>
> ——————— Be alive again,
> And dare me to the desert with thy sword!
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble! . .
>
> — — — — — — —
>
> Lo, where it comes again! SHAKESPEARE.

WE left our friend Duddle flying from the fancied myrmidons of justice, with all the speed a pair of broken-winded hackneys, under the guidance of an asthmatic postboy, could exert. This, however, was by no means commensurate with the wishes of the traveller, who, in all probability, would, on the present occasion, have thought the hippogriff that bore Astolpho to

to the moon but a snail-paced daisy-cutter, so much did his "desire outrun performance." At the first stage, therefore, finding, on quitting his vehicle, that the D—— mail was expected in little more than half an hour, the horses being already in readiness for its arrival, he resolved to change his mode of travelling, and, if possible, secure a seat in that useful conveyance, which gave promise of more expedition than the miserable animals he was otherwise likely to meet with could afford. He was the rather moved to this determination by the recollection that this coach, although in consequence of the direct road from London joining the one by which he had hitherto proceeded some miles on the other side of Appleton, it had passed through that melancholy scene of his late bloody encounter, yet that it merely delivered the letter-bag, *en passant*, without making any stoppage, and consequently that it was very unlikely the account of the fraças had reached the ears of any passengers

sengers it might contain. Scarcely had he fully decided the point with himself, when the sound of the guard's horn announced its approach. To his eager inquiries, if there were an inside place vacant, an answer, to his great joy, was returned in the affirmative; and a few seconds saw him seated by a lethargic Quaker, whose nose gave proof how little the introduction of an additional neighbour into the leathern conveniency affected his outward man. His fellow-travellers on the opposite seat, from the rays of the ostler's lantern having only fallen on the side he now occupied, remained enveloped in gloom: he found it, of course, impossible to form any conjecture who or what description of persons they might consist of; from their silence, however, and the total indifference which they shewed to the serenade of their companion, he was led to conclude that they also must have yielded to the benign influence of the drowsy god; and happy would it have been for poor John, if he too could have

availed

availed himself of the good offices of the same deity; but this his unhappy destiny forbade, and the idea of the unfortunate Gruby, minus by the head, and his brains decorating the wainscot of the parlour at the Red Lion, pressed upon his mind too forcibly to permit his indulging in a nap, even had the antisoporific breathings of his neighbour been wanting to preclude all hope of slumber.

Just before daybreak, the carriage rolled heavily over the rough pavement which formed the entrance to the town and port of D——, and by the rude jolting it occasioned, dispersed for the moment the lugubrious cogitations in which the unfortunate conqueror was profoundly immersed: one concussion stronger than the rest at length brought his head in violent contact with the pericranium of his opposite fellow-traveller, and a half-expiring lamp in the street at the same instant afforded him a transient glimpse of his countenance. It was impossible he could mistake it—the features,

features, though deadly pale, and betraying no signs of animation, were too well remembered for him to be deceived: it was the unfortunate victim of his death-dealing arm!—it was the image of the murdered Gruby that sat before him, and glared upon him "with fifty mortal murders on his crown." He uttered a piercing shriek as the coach stopt, and bursting open the door, sprang over the shoulder of the guard who came to assist the passengers in alighting, and ran with the speed of lightning down the street. Chance conducted him to the pier; a packet was just about to sail for Dieppe; he hurried on board in breathless agitation, and scarcely could he believe himself safe from his grisly pursuer, when the vessel, after a pleasant passage, entering the harbour, landed him on the coast of Normandy.

Here he was attacked by a serious illness, the consequence, no doubt, of the recent agitation he had gone through, and more particularly accelerated by the last tremendous

mendous shock which he had sustained; nor was he in a condition to leave his bed for several days. At length he was pronounced convalescent, and at liberty to proceed wherever he pleased. His first idea had been to go on to Paris, but he now resolved to proceed by easy stages along the coast towards Flanders, meaning to take up his residence, for some short period at least, at Brussels, where he knew he should be at no loss for English society, and which place he reached about three weeks after his arrival on the Continent.

Having established himself in comfortable lodgings, his first care was to look out for a good *restaurateur* to furnish his table, as he much disliked the promiscuous company assembled at a *table d'hôte*, who prevented him from picking out the "titbits," and pleasing his palate by the monopoly of all the delicacies on the board. During one of his perambulations through the streets with this idea, after having gone from house to house, with the prudent intention

tion of trying and comparing the merits of the different *restaurateurs* in their various modes of cookery, he had at length been fortunate enough to meet with one, who, if his senses were not quite so exquisite as to enable a man with their assistance to "eat his own father*," was yet sufficiently skilled in his profession to have served up a repast to Heliogabulus himself, without any apprehension of losing his head from the disgust of that dainty sovereign: on his return, he suddenly encountered a gentleman in the street, whom he immediately recognised as his friend lieutenant Watkinson, who had taken, to his misfortune, so principal a part in making a hero of him.

Duddle's first impulse was to avoid him; but finding his old acquaintance had already perceived, and was crossing the way to address him, this, coupled with a strong desire to know what had passed on the discovery of the unfortunate result of his

rencontre,

Vide *Almanach des Gourmands*.

rencontre, induced him to change his half-formed purpose, and extend the hand of fellowship to the lieutenant, who, he now doubted not, had, like himself, fled from justice, with the design of sheltering himself from condign punishment in a foreign land. This idea he freely communicated after the first greeting had taken place, but was most agreeably surprised by the answer of Watkinson, who assured him that his suspicions were erroneous, he being merely abroad on a tour of pleasure, having obtained leave from head-quarters for that purpose; adding, with infinite gravity, that as a coroner's inquest had already pronounced a verdict of manslaughter on a view of the body of his late antagonist, who, as proved by the oaths of himself, captain Ironside, and the waiter at the Red Lion, had fallen fairly in a duel of his own seeking, there was no sort of impediment to his returning to his native land the moment it suited his convenience. This intelligence so delighted Duddle, that

that he insisted on his companion's accompanying him to his lodgings, and assisting to discuss a bottle of *la fitte*, an appointment to which "he led him nothing loath."

While they thus held sweet communion over the bottle, John unbosomed himself without reserve, and made his apparently horror-struck companion the confidant of his terrible adventure with the ghost of Gruby in the mail-coach; adding, that notwithstanding all the pains taken by some of his friends to impress upon his mind a total disbelief in supernatural appearances, he was now painfully convinced by his own appearance of the fallacy of their arguments, and the actual return of the departed spirit to the scene which it inhabited in its mortal state. In this opinion Watkinson most heartily coincided, adducing the celebrated story of lady Tyrone, and the equally-authentic narrative of the "Two Begouines," as highly corroborative of the fact—nay, he even went so far

as to assure the awe-struck hearer, that a circumstance of the same kind had actually taken place in his own family; the spirit of his great-uncle, sir Oliver Watkinson, having more than once appeared to his maiden aunt Elizabeth, and finally conducted her to an antique clothes-press, where a large roll of valuable bank-notes were afterwards found concealed in the seat of an old pair of red plush breeches.

Duddle, on whose mind his own adventure had made a very strong impression, was forcibly struck by the narrative of his friend; and beginning to feel a very great disinclination to go to bed by himself, strongly pressed his guest to partake of one more bottle. This, however, was declined; but Watkinson, of his own accord, readily promised to breakfast with him the next morning, and accompany him to partake of such amusements as the city afforded.

The lieutenant was true to his appointment; and after a repast, to which Duddle

dle himself scarcely did more justice than his visitor, the friends sallied out together, arm in arm. After a long ramble, during which they had visited most of the "Lions" of this capital of Brabant, John, who began to be heartily tired with this unaccustomed exercise, proposed to return home, or at least to adjourn to some house of entertainment, where they might get some refreshment. These hints were skilfully parried by his less-voracious companion, who contrived to elude his now really-pressing entreaties till an hour long after Duddle's usual time of taking his "luncheon," when, stopping abruptly at the door of an eating-house in the neighbourhood of the old ducal palace, he at once agreed to the propriety of his remonstrances, and they accordingly entered together. The room into which they were shewn was nearly filled, and they took their seats at a table, one end of which was occupied by a tall, thin gentleman, dressed in the English fashion, who, with his hat

drawn closely over his eyes, was deeply engaged in the perusal of a French newspaper. Scarcely had Duddle raised the first spoonful of *boullon* to his lips, when, on his uttering an involuntary exclamation, occasioned by the unexpected heat of the fluid he was consigning to his stomach, the stranger reared his head. The spectre which made his unwelcome appearance at the bridal feast of the "fair Imogine," as "his visor he slowly unclosed," could scarcely have caused a stronger sensation in the mind of any one individual at the table, than that which was now excited in the bosom of Duddle; 'twas he, the very same, that—

> "Execrable shape,
> That dar'd, thus grim and terrible, advance
> His miscreated front athwart his way."

'Twas Gruby, whose "canonized bones, though hears'd in death, had burst their cearments."

Dropping the uplifted spoon from his now-nerveless hand, the trembling John fled

fled hastily from the supposed spirit of his enemy, followed by Watkinson, who failed not to repeat during their precipitate retreat—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" till they once more reached Duddle's lodgings in safety. The lieutenant, however, had rather overacted his part; and, as is not unfrequently the case, by aiming at too much, lost the degree of credit he might otherwise have secured. John, in spite of his own real timidity, could not help suspecting that a great deal of that of his companion was affected; this induced him to suppose there must be some trick in the business, especially when he recollected that Watkinson had prevented him from going into several houses of a similar description, and had at last conducted him to the one they had so precipitately left, and which, though respectable, was by no means of such a very inviting aspect, as to make its selection particularly desirable. His suspicions were not at all allayed, when in the solitude of

 his

his chamber he began coolly to call to mind the occurrences of the day, and the manner and conversation of his friend; and the result of his cogitations was to quit Brussels the next morning, in violation of an engagement he had made with Watkinson, and proceeding to Ostend, to re-embark for England by the first packet, should Gruby be in reality defunct—a circumstance of which he began half to doubt, though, whenever the fatal scene at the Red Lion recurred to his imagination, he dared not encourage a hope of the kind: still, if the lieutenant's word were to be believed, a jury of his country had already pronounced his acquittal of the capital part of the offence at least, and with a pecuniary mulct, or even a short imprisonment, he thought he should come off but too cheaply; while, if the contrary were the case, and his old enemy were still in the land of the living, it must have been a trick to impose upon him throughout, and he might even now be in a confederacy

with

with Watkinson to annoy or terrify him still farther.

In this last supposition, however appearances might give a colour to it, he certainly wronged Gruby, who was not only perfectly innocent of any collusion whatever, but was no less surprised at the precipitate retreat made by Duddle, whom he immediately recollected, than the latter was by seeing him, whom he believed the grisly inhabitant of a charnel-house, quietly seated in a coffeehouse in Flanders. During the scene which ended in his abrupt departure from the mail-coach, although Gruby, in common with the other passengers, had supposed the gentleman who displayed so much agility must be undoubtedly crazy, he had by no means recognised his person, or formed any idea that his harlequin fellow-traveller was the identical Duddle whom he had so lately met in mortal fray; still less had he any connexion with Watkinson, whom, though he had frequently met him in the public walks

prior to John's arrival at Brussels, he had always taken pains to avoid. The fact was, that the lieutenant had more than once seen him enter the house abovementioned; and finding, in answer to the inquiry which curiosity had in the first instance induced him to make, that he was in the constant habit of dining there, when he afterwards discovered that Duddle had no suspicion of the cheat, but was firmly convinced that his antagonist had perished, and that he himself had seen his spectre, Watkinson encouraged the idea, and, with a little management, contrived to lead him into his presence, not doubting, as the event justified him in supposing, that Gruby would be found at his usual place of resort, and highly enjoying the idea of the other's consternation when this second *Avatar* of the deceased victim of his hostility should take place. Nor was he a little gratified by the event; the horrified countenance, and velocity of retreat exercised by his dupe, exceeding his most san-

guine

guine anticipations; and, doubtless, his strong propensity to hoaxing would have put him on executing more frolics of the kind to Duddle's annoyance, when a note, which was delivered to him on quitting his chamber the following morning from the object of his mischievous wit, completely disappointed him, and put a temporary stop to his contrivances. It was brief, and simply informed him, that business unexpectedly calling Mr. Duddle from Brussels, he lamented that it was not in his power to fulfil the engagement he had entered into on the previous evening, and expressed a hope the writer was very far from feeling, that they might hereafter renew their acquaintance under more favourable circumstances on the other side the Channel.

Duddle meanwhile pursued his journey to the coast, and taking advantage of the first vessel which left Ostend, was soon traversing the waves on his way to England. This passage was by no means so

favourable as his former one. The wind, in the course of the evening, blew a gale; and poor John, who was but a sorry sailor, the utmost extent of his former travels by water having been a voyage on the Isis to Iffly or Godstow, before he quitted college, began to experience sensations more novel than delightful. The wind increasing, and the sea, of course, becoming more agitated, he contrived with difficulty to crawl to a birth, in which he lay more dead than alive, till a boat putting from the shore received and landed him in miserable plight on the very pier he had quitted in such haste but a few weeks before.

He was proceeding slowly to the inn, when a person stepped from the crowd which had assembled to witness the arrival of the packet, and challenged his regard; it was Charles Baldwin, who, in pursuance of his plan of leaving England, had arrived at D—— on his way, that accosted him. Perhaps there was no one whom

Duddle

Duddle at that moment would have been more gratified in meeting; and finding, in the course of their walk to the hotel, that Charles was totally ignorant of his late adventure, the moment they had taken possession of a private room, he recounted the whole, requesting his advice, and inquiring eagerly whether his adversary was actually dead or not? On this subject Baldwin could afford him no information; and poor John's terrors were raised to the utmost, when the door was soon after abruptly opened, and a person announced himself as a Bow-street officer, followed by a constable; the landlord, and several other persons, entered the room, declaring that they came with a warrant to apprehend a man for murder. His teeth chattered, his knees knocked against each other; and Charles, fearing he would faint, was advancing to support him, when his arm was rudely seized by the officer, who informed him, to his horror and amazement, that the warrant was issued against himself, by

the name of Charles Baldwin, for the murder of the reverend George Trevanion, in a summer-house erected in the grounds of Appleton Grange, near Appleton, in the county of ——.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where!
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and this delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice!
——————————It is too horrible!

. . . .

And will he not come again? and will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, gone to his deathbed!
He never will come again! SHAKESPEARE.

THE county-jail was situate in the town of C——, fourteen miles distant from Appleton. It was an ancient structure of considerable strength, having formerly constituted the inner tower, or keep, of a much more extensive fortification. Its shape was quadrangular, the angles composed of small circular turrets; which

flanked the curtains of the building, whose massy walls, terrible in blackness, seemed to defy the power of Time, and to mock the traces of his ravages, evident in the dilapidated remains of what had once formed their outworks. A narrow, but deep and rapid stream wound round two sides of the edifice, rendering the adjacent rooms, or rather dungeons, many of which were far below the surface of the earth, damp, chill, and unwholesome; while to the prisoners confined in the upper part of the castle, the gentle monotony of its murmurs, as they sounded from below, conveyed sensations of a pleasing yet melancholy nature.

A huge pair of gates, thickly studded with iron, gave admittance to the interior of the prison; and the unhappy being compelled to enter the precincts they enclosed, felt but too surely, as he heard the harsh grating of their massy bolts, and the clanking of the ponderous chain which

secured

secured them, that he was now indeed cut off from the fellowship of mankind, "past hope, past help, past cure."

Into one of the most gloomy chambers of this dismal abode the agonized and almost-maddening Baldwin was conducted. A cold dew stood on his pale brow, and his agitated features underwent a thousand changes, as, moving with difficulty under the weight of the heavy irons which encircled his waist and ancles, he threw himself on the miserable pallet that occupied one corner of his wretched habitation.

A strong oak door was firmly barred behind him, and the receding footsteps of his jailor at length ceasing to echo along the vaulted passage, died away in the distance.

For some minutes he lay stretched upon the bed in all the torpor of despair; then rousing himself into consciousness, he endeavoured, by degrees, to recall his scattered thoughts, and to revolve in his mind the

the strange concatenation of circumstances which had led to his present deplorable situation. He had seen himself accused before a magistrate of a crime, the very thought of which struck horror to his soul. He had heard particulars detailed, which, he could not but confess to himself, seemed most strongly to countenance the idea of his having been the assassin of the man who had blighted all his earthly happiness, and whose good fortune, in securing the hand of one whom he esteemed the paragon of her sex, he could never contemplate without emotions of envy and regret. This man, whom he had so lately quitted rich in the enjoyment of all that health, affluence, and affection could bestow, was, it seems, no more, cut off untimely by the hand of some villain, of whose crime his own life might perhaps pay the forfeiture.

It appeared in evidence before the magistrate, that Mr. Trevanion had been accidentally discovered by one of the servants of the family dead in the summer-house.

house. The upper part of his scull had been shot away, and his features scorched and blackened, as if by the explosion of a gun or pistol, held nearly in contact with his head; his linen appeared disordered, as in consequence of a struggle, and one of the fingers of his right hand was bleeding, from a slight cut, inflicted probably by some small instrument. One of the windows stood open, beneath which was found a pistol, bearing evident marks of having been recently discharged, and underneath a small table, which lay overturned in the middle of the room, was discovered a red morocco pocketbook, containing a few letters and memoranda, on a blank leaf of which the name of Charles Baldwin appeared in very legible characters. The letters also bore the same address.

In addition to this, another servant had deposed to seeing Mr. Baldwin jump from the open window of the pavilion on the same morning in which the murder was committed,

committed, and but a short time previous to the discovery of it, and make his way, in much apparent haste and agitation, through the thicket which lay immediately below, towards an unfrequented track, leading to a bye-lane that skirted the park, being indeed the identical road which had formerly proved so able an auxiliary in concealing from the eyes of prying curiosity the chaise which was destined to bear the fugitive lovers to the haven of their wishes.

On this evidence, coupled with the known and expressed irritation of Baldwin against the murdered man, (for the situation in which the instrument of destruction was found precluded the possibility of his having been his own executioner), together with his subsequent sudden disappearance, the coroner's jury were induced, with very little hesitation, to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against Charles Baldwin. The meditated flight of the supposed assassin to the Continent

(for

(for it was easily ascertained that he had applied for a passage to Flanders the morning on which he was arrested, and had expressed much dissatisfaction at the delay, when informed no packet would leave the port till the following day) also combined to give a strong colour of criminality to his conduct, so much so indeed, that a neighbouring justice of the peace, before whom he was taken immediately on his apprehension, after hearing the case, hesitated not to commit him fully for trial at the approaching assizes.

It was in vain that poor Charles asserted his utter ignorance, even of the death of Trevanion, whom he had so lately left in the full possession of life and health, in the very scene of the murder, or that he accounted for his abrupt descent from the window, which he admitted to have taken place, by his unwillingness to be seen by some person whom he heard approaching in an opposite direction.

From his own confession it appeared, that

that he had been with the deceased in the pavilion but a short time before he was found by the servant. No other person had been seen by the man who witnessed his own extraordinary mode of exit and flight; nor could he explain to the satisfaction of his auditors, why it could be necessary, or even desirable for him, supposing him to be innocent of the crime imputed to him, to take such a step to avoid the sight of any human being.

Of these things, however, the magistrate observed, it was not his province to judge; it was enough for him that grounds appeared sufficiently strong against the prisoner to render his detention a matter of necessity, and that an impartial jury of his country alone could decide upon his guilt or innocence.

No evidence having been adduced which could in the slightest degree attach to Duddle, who (having, by his terror and exclamations, when his friend was apprehended, excited some suspicion of his being

being an accomplice) had also been brought up for examination, he was dismissed; but letting fall some words in the course of the inquiry which intimated his having been privy to some expressions denoting resentment, and a desire of revenge, uttered by the accused against the deceased, he was subpœnaed, very reluctantly, to give evidence to that effect on the trial.

Bitterly painful indeed were the reflections of the prisoner, as he paced, in an agitated and unmeasured step, the floor of his solitary apartment. Its circumscribed bounds, and the fetters, continually impeding his progress, soon impelled him once more to seek his uneasy couch, while the thick damp air of a foggy evening, scarcely making its way through a loophole in the wall, so narrow as barely to admit the passage of an arm, and which was besides secured with a strong iron bar, that traversed its centre from top to bottom, combined, with a feeling of suffocation which rose in his throat, to render

even

even respiration difficult. But a few hours before, he had conceived his situation such as to defy the hand of fate itself to make it worse. His early prospects clouded, his young affections nipt in the bud, an unhappy wanderer, self-exiled from his native land, without one bosom to feel interest on his account, to sympathize in his sufferings, or rejoice in his success, he had felt himself alone in the world, an early-blighted shrub, withering unheeded on the soil where all around him was flourishing in verdure and luxuriant fragrancy. He had been assured, that weal or woe to him was henceforth a matter of indifference, and that the severest frowns of fortune must in future fail to affect one who had already, in his own imagination, experienced her utmost malice—his only consolation, the certainty that his sufferings were unmerited; his only hope, the prospect of an early termination to an existence which he fancied he detested.

How little does the human heart know itself!

itself! how vain, imbecile, and contradictory, are the thoughts, the wishes, and the resolutions of man, when the warning voice of reason is silenced by the impetuous suggestions of passions overbearing and unrestrained! That death, whose approach in any shape, however painful, he so lately persuaded himself that he looked forward to with an eye of welcome gratulation, now that a probability of its being at hand appeared, filled him with emotions of horror and disgust; nevertheless, the same system of self-deception still operated on his mind. To die—to quit a world which never more could contain a charm for him, was "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" but then, to leave it overwhelmed with ignominy and disgrace, loaded with the execrations of all good men, his memory consigned to everlasting infamy, his very name abhorred; to be exposed in his last moments a spectacle to a gaping multitude, denied the rites of sepulture, suspended between heaven

ven and earth, his whitening bones swinging in the blast, responsive to the screams of the famished kite soaring above, when driven unwillingly from its horrid repast by the approach of some casual passengers; and this too for a crime of which he knew himself to be as guiltless as the new-born babe. He shuddered at the thought—these were circumstances which indeed tended to make death terrible; and the love of life, fast reviving in his breast, now it was indeed endangered, he fondly conceived to be merely the natural antipathy which virtue feels to labouring under disgrace and its attendant consequences. No, let him but live to clear his fame from the foul imputation which assailed it; let him but establish his innocence beyond controversy, and then, restored to the esteem of those who had loved him, his character rescued, fair and unblemished, no matter how soon he resigned a life now become valueless. Above all, let not the loved

object

object of his affections—let not his adored Mary remain in the cruel belief that his hand had been raised to crush her happiness in the person of the man she loved, and reduce her from the height of bliss to the same miserable condition with himself.

Worn out at length with the conflict within him, Baldwin sunk exhausted into a disturbed slumber, often interrupted by the visions of his distracted fancy, till nature resumed her empire, and, towards morning, a more gentle repose lulled for a while his harassed senses in forgetfulness.

The recent occurrences meanwhile had not failed to cause a great sensation in the town of Appleton and its immediate neighbourhood. Scarcely had the mock encounter between the heroic Gruby and his no-less-valiant antagonist, the chivalric Duddle, ceased to afford matter for conversation to the gossips of the vicinity, when the melancholy and disastrous fate of poor Trevanion again furnished full employment;

employment for their tongues. It was true that with many in the town he was far from being a favourite: as we have before said, a strong propensity to satire, hardly kept within bounds by the abundant stock of good-nature which he possessed, and which his exuberant spirits would sometimes carry beyond the point at which discretion should have caused him to stop, made him enemies, who saw not how free from malice or any evil feeling were the light sarcasms he uttered, and the absolute inoffensiveness of their tendency. But when the news of a catastrophe so sudden and appalling reached the ears of those who had been his late companions, and even perhaps his censurers, an involuntary chill struck to every bosom; his numerous good qualities, the generous friendliness of his disposition, the cheerful elegance of his manners, and the universally-acknowledged goodness of his heart, were alone remembered, while his minor failings sunk into oblivion. The

mighty

mighty master of the English drama has said—

> "The evil that men do lives after them ;
> The good is often buried with their bones ;"

a fact in too many instances sufficiently glaring. But, with all due deference to that great expounder of the human heart, the rule is in this case, for the honour of humanity, at least equalled by its exceptions, and generous minds (of which, notwithstanding the dark shades of the picture in which it has pleased certain philosophers and poets of modern days to exhibit human nature, the great majority of the world is composed) ever hold the converse of the proposition true. So it was at Appleton on this occasion; and in every party or social meeting in the town, nothing was heard but the tender lament of pity for the untimely end of one in whose character every one now recollected some good trait, mixed with executions on his destroyer, and loudly-expressed hopes that the villain, whoever he might be, would

 be

be discovered, and eventually brought to expiate his crime under the awful sentence of insulted justice.

The effect of the barbarous deed on Beresford was terrible, disappointed as he had been in the first instance; yet, from the time of their reconciliation, his son-in-law had daily gained ground in his good graces, and, spite of the melancholy in which he was at times involved, it was evident that the affectionate husband of his beloved daughter had succeeded in establishing the highest degree of interest and regard in his paternal bosom. Severe indeed was the shock which he received on being informed of the horrible catastrophe by the servant, who, flying in bewildered haste from the scene of death to arouse the family, encountered his master in the park, and abruptly communicated to him the appalling tidings of which he was the bearer. Beresford, whose frame, both bodily and mental, had of late become much enervated, sunk under the

news—

news—he fell senseless to the earth, and was borne by the now-alarmed people of his household to his own apartment, as void of consciousness, and almost of animation, as the poor victim whose mutilated remains were afterwards carried into another chamber.

To the unhappy Mary the fatal story was more cautiously divulged. Fortunately for her feelings, a cloudy morning, affording strong indication of occasional showers, had induced Trevanion to put a peremptory negative on her half-expressed wish to accompany him, as a cold, in her present situation (for Mary was now far advanced in that state which promised an additional tie to their loves), might be productive of the most unpleasant consequences; she had therefore, after arranging some little domestic concerns which required her management, confined herself to her *boudoir*—a small chamber adjoining her bedroom, handsomely fitted

up with bookcases and every apparatus for elegant and refined employment, and appropriated solely to her own use. This apartment was luckily situate at the farther extremity of the building, so that the sounds of confusion which filled the lower part of the house, reached not her ear, or at least reached it unmarked.

Occupied with her needle in making preparation for the arrival of her expected darling, time flew unheeded, and she was much surprised, on raising her eyes to the timepiece which adorned a bracket in the apartment, to find how much of the morning had been consumed. She rose and walked to the window, but the threatening appearance of the clouds checked at once a half-formed intention of sallying forth, in hopes of meeting her husband on his return from so prolonged a ramble; and reseating herself, she took up a small volume of poems, which had, the day before, arrived from London. Its contents were

were chiefly of a plaintive cast, although some pieces of a more ludicrous nature were occasionally interspersed. She had perused several, when a tap at the door announced a visitor; and on her replying to the summons with the customary grant of admission, Mrs. Williams, the respectable wife of the village curate in whose parish the Grange was situate, entered the room. A morning call from that lady was by no means an unusual occurrence; and after welcoming her with a good-humoured smile, Mary, without a single presentiment of the misery which was about to burst upon her head, or even observing the portentous solemnity of countenance her friend had assumed, adverted at once to the publication she had been perusing; and a grave negative being returned to her question, whether the work had come under the cognizance of her visitor? she read aloud, with great pathos and animation, the following

LINES.

"Why mourns my Eugene?—in his dark eye of blue,
Why trembles the tear-drop to sympathy true?
Ah! why must a bosom, thus pure and refined,
Still vibrate each nerve at the woes of mankind?

"Yet dear are the drops by philanthropy shed,
O'er the lorn child of sorrow's disconsolate head;
Nor beams there a gem with a ray so divine
As the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine.

"Say, friend of my soul, then what story of woe
Thus bids the soft tears of humanity flow?
Oh! give thy Lorenzo thy sorrows to share,
And together we'll weep for the child of despair.

"Like a sunbeam the clouds of the tempest between,
A smile lights the eye of the pensive Eugene;
And thus in mild accents the mourner replies—
'Curse the mustard!—it brings the tears into my eyes."

At this unexpected conclusion of a piece which had so sentimentally commenced, Mrs. Trevanion raised her eyes from the volume, and fixed them on the face of her friend; but no answering smile replied to the arch expression of her own countenance, while the deep concern portrayed in

in the features of Mrs. Williams, of which liveliness was in general the distinguishing characteristic, at once attracted her attention, and filled her with a nameless foreboding of impending ill. With a faltering voice she inquired if her companion was indisposed, or if any thing untoward had occurred at the rectory?

Mrs. Williams was for a while unable to execute the distressing task she had undertaken, but at length ventured to inform her that Mr. Trevanion had been suddenly seized with indisposition: the veil, however, was too thin not to be immediately seen through by the penetrating eye of the young widow, who, in answer to her repeated questions and entreaties, at length drew from her commiserating informant the full confirmation of her worst fears.

Cautiously as the lamentable event, which deprived her for ever of the husband to whom she was so fondly attached, was communicated by her sympathizing

 friend,

friend, the effect upon poor Mary was indescribable—no violent eruption of a grief too mighty for restraint, no strong hysterical affection, or irresistible burst of affliction, betrayed the internal conflict which had commenced, and menaced already to destroy a frame so tender and so fragile—she was silent, tearless, motionless; the life-blood fast receding to the heart, left on her cheek a hue cold and pale as the moonlight falling on a marble statue; a slight convulsion of the muscles about the mouth, and the mute eloquence of her glazed, yet moving eye, alone betokened that animation had not yet forsaken its lovely tenement: she sat, a beauteous model, from which the inimitable Canova might have portrayed a Niobe.

Alarmed at the expression of her countenance, Mrs. Williams rang the bell; and by the advice of Mr. Jordan (whom she had requested to be in attendance, not knowing what effect the relation she was charged with might have on her unhappy

happy auditress), Mrs. Trevanion was rather carried than conducted to her room, and a considerable quantity of blood taken from her arm; when a draught ordered by her medical attendant having been administered to the unresisting and scarcely-conscious patient, her kind-hearted friend seated herself by the bedside, in order to watch the first symptoms of the return of that reason which now seemed for a while suspended, and to administer, as far as lay in her power, that consolation her reviving faculties might in a short time so imperiously demand.

CHAPTER V.

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged—a terrible show.
I go undismay'd; for death is a debt—
A debt on demand; so take what I owe. GAY.

SIR William —— and chief baron ——, the judges for the home circuit, escorted by the high sheriff of the county, with a numerous posse of javelin-men, and attended by the representatives of most of the families of respectability in the neighbourhood, made their solemn entry into the town of C——, on the Tuesday morning of that eventful week which was to witness the condemnation or acquittal of so many human beings, now incarcerated within the walls of the castle, for real or supposed offences against the well-being of their fellow-creatures. After attending divine

divine service, they proceeded to the court-hall, and having opened their commission, a general gaol-delivery commenced.

The calendar of the prisoners contained the names of many persons committed for minor offences, and some few for felonies of various descriptions; but to that of Charles Baldwin alone stood affixed, in dreadful characters, the charge of murder. The awful determination of the law upon a crime so horrible and revolting, requiring that its sentence should, without fail, be carried into execution before the lapse of eight-and-forty hours, its humane expounders, in order to give the miserable culprit as long a time as possible to make his peace with his offended Creator, usually direct the trials of those who stand charged with that heinous crime, to be postponed till the Friday, that, in case of conviction, a few more hours may be added to their allotted number, the Sabbath being esteemed no day in law. Owing to this wise and merciful arrangement, Bald-

win had remained till all the fellow-inhabitants of the gloomy scene of his confinement had received the award of justice, and either hailed with joy the period of their emancipation from thraldom, or been remanded, for the purpose of undergoing the various punishments assigned to their different degrees of guilt.

The comparative silence which in general reigned within the prison walls, had, for the last two days, been continually invaded, as the frequent closing and unclosing of doors, the heavy tread of the jailor and his assistants, and the faint, yet not inaudible clanking of distant chains, as the prisoners were conducted to and fro from their respective cells, for and after their trials in the court-house, sounded harshly in the ears of Charles, who, although he was early given to understand that his appearance in court would not be required till all the others were disposed of, could not help fancying in every noise he heard the probable approach of those who

who were to convey him to that place from which he was to return, free and unshackled, in acknowledged innocence, or the hopeless and devoted victim of a combination of circumstances, whose pressure he was wholly unable either to foresee or avert. At length the heavy bolts which secured the exterior of his dungeon-door creaked in their sockets, and the harsh grating of the hinges, encrusted with the rust of half a century, proclaimed the time at hand, when he was to call up all his energies to make manifest his innocence of the fatal charge against him, in the presence of his assembled and scrutinizing countrymen.

To the arrival of this moment he had looked forward as to one which was to remove from his mind a load of uneasiness; but when he found the hour indeed come, as he gazed upon the gaunt forms and hardened features of the men who waited to conduct him to the tribunal, a cold chill vibrated through every vein and artery,

as,

as, for the first time since the surprise of his committal, the terrible idea entered into his imagination, of the possibility that he might fail in making clear to others that freedom from guilt of which his conscience so fully acquitted him to himself. Twice did the hoarse voice of the keeper of the prison fall upon his ear before his hesitating limbs obeyed the summons; then, with a shuddering sensation which pervaded his whole frame, he waved his hand to his conductors, and followed them, with hurried and uneven footsteps, to the hall of justice. An audible murmur ran round the crowded court at his approach; and as he took his station in the place assigned to the accused, the sable colour of his habiliments formed a strong contrast with the pallid hue of his fine but dejected countenance; and as he bowed with a respectful, yet dignified, air to the court, detestation of the crime with which he was charged appeared, in the countenances of the spectators, to be mixed with

pity

pity for the situation of a youth of such a prepossessing demeanour, and with a strong degree of hope that he would be able to acquit himself of the imputation. Among the female part of the assembly especially much interest was excited by his appearance: it had been very generally reported that a disappointment in love, and a thirst for revenge engendered by it, had been the supposed cause of his staining his hand with the blood of his rival; and this alone would have been sufficient to raise a degree of romantic feeling and concern in bosoms which would otherwise have glowed with undivided horror and indignation at the atrocity of the deed. Let but love be the motive, and whatever be the offence, it will be sure to meet with great palliation in the morbid sensibility of old women and young ladies; and not a few of the most brilliant eyes in C—— were moistened with a tear at the thoughts of the peril of the handsome prisoner, while many

many a fair bosom heaved with a secret prayer for his deliverance.

After some time occupied in swearing in the jury, and other formalities, the indictment was read over by the clerk, charging Charles Baldwin, the prisoner at the bar, with wilfully and feloniously killing and slaying the reverend George Trevanion, clerk, being moved thereto by the instigation of the devil, &c.; to which, laying his hand upon his heart, the accused, in a firm and most impressive manner, pleaded *not guilty*; and having declared his willingness to be tried by God and his country, Mr. serjeant B——, the senior counsel for the crown, rose and addressed the jury in a speech equally conspicuous for the perspicuity of its statements, and the humanity of its sentiments.

He commenced with a few general observations on the heinous nature of the crime which constituted the principal feature in the charge they had just heard read,

read, conjured them, if perchance, from rumour or otherwise, any previous impression had been made upon them to the disadvantage of the prisoner, that they would dismiss it from their minds, and, if possible, obliterate it from their recollection: he entreated them to weigh coolly and dispassionately the evidence which would be laid before them, and if any doubt could possibly arise as to the guilt of the person arraigned, to give him the full benefit of that doubt, and to pronounce him innocent, unless the contrary should not only be made probable, but manifest. He then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, and the relation they bore to the several circumstances connected with Baldwin's appearance in the grounds at the time, and with his subsequent conduct; and after once more solemnly adjuring them to give credit to his statement only so far as it should be borne out by evidence, and not to let their abhorrence of the act, on the one hand, influence them

so far as to induce them to strain the law to the punishment of the suspected perpetrator, nor, on the other, to suffer a mistaken lenity to prevail with them to let loose a murderer on society, he concluded with a hope that the Divine Being, "to whom no secrets are hid," would so far enlighten their understanding as to enable them to return a just verdict agreeable to the merits of the case, and to act with impartiality between the prisoner on the one side, and the outraged laws of their country on the other. A strong sensation pervaded the assembly at the conclusion of his eloquent address, when he sat down, and the other counsel proceeded to examine the witnesses.

The first person called to support the prosecution was James Watson, a footman in the service of Francis Beresford, esquire, who deposed that, on the morning of the seventeenth of April last past, having been dispatched by his young mistress, the wife of the deceased, to search the pavilion in the

the park for a volume which had been left there by herself the preceding day, he had been shocked, on entering the room, by the discovery of Mr. Trevanion lying on the ground and weltering in his blood, a large stream of which flowed from a wound in his head and overspread the floor: he also described the wainscot of that side of the room nearest to the body to have been much stained with blood. He had endeavoured, in the first instance, to raise the deceased; but finding him perfectly lifeless, had run immediately for assistance; and after informing his master, whom he met on his way, of the dreadful sight he had witnessed, succeeded in alarming the rest of the servants, with several of whom he returned to the pavilion, and assisted in conveying the inanimate corpse to the house. Being asked as to the state of the room, he said that the only door leading into it was standing open, as was also a window on the opposite side; that the only table it contained lay overturned

in the centre of the room; and, from its position, he was inclined to suppose that it had been overthrown by the falling of the body against it, rather than from a previous struggle. On being questioned as to his reason for this opinion, he said he could not give any, but that it was the impression upon his mind at the time. On his cross-examination by Mr. R——, the counsel for the defence, he stated the hour at which he discovered the corpse to be about two o'clock in the afternoon.

This evidence was confirmed in part by George Dawkins and Henry Wilson, two grooms in the service of the same master as the last witness, who accompanied him back to the summer-house on the alarm being given, and described the appearance and situation of the body in much the same terms. Nothing material was elicited from Wilson, but Dawkins produced a red pocketbook, which he swore to having found on the floor in raising the table under which it had fallen, in order to the

more

more easy removal of the corpse; that it had never been out of his possession since; and that the one now exhibited to the jury was the same, and in the same state as when he first discovered it. Being asked, on their cross-examination, whether, as living in the family, they knew of any disagreement between Mr. Baldwin and the deceased, they replied in the negative, observing that, before Mr. Trevanion's marriage, those gentlemen had always appeared to be on the best terms; and that although, since that event, Mr. Baldwin's spirits had seemed much lower than usual, still they had never any reason to suppose that he nourished any enmity against Mr. Trevanion, but that, on the contrary, on one occasion, when Mr. Beresford had been riding with the prisoner, Wilson, who attended them, was near enough to hear several expressions, which induced him to believe the latter was interceding with the former in behalf of his son-in-law and daughter, and endeavour-

ing to prevail upon him to recall them to the Grange.

The pocketbook being handed to the jury, was found to contain the name of the prisoner, and was unhesitatingly admitted by him to be his property.

Mr. Robert Jordan, the next witness examined, mentioned his having been hastily summoned, on the day stated in the indictment, to attend on the deceased in his professional capacity; that, on his arrival, he found the vital principle totally extinct, and that death had been, beyond all doubt, produced by a tremendous wound on the head, which he described with much technical minuteness and form of phraseology. He said the injury was evidently received from a bullet discharged from a pistol or gun, which had carried away the whole of one of the parietal bones, from its junction with the os frontis at the coronal suture, to where it is connected by the lambdoidal with the occiput; that, to say nothing of the dispersion of the

the cerebrum, or brain, properly so called, much of which, he observed, had bespattered the wainscot, the entire economy of the cranium had been irreparably discomposed, even to the medulla of the cerebellum; that the weapon must have been held very near the head, as the features were blackened by the explosion; and, concluding his catalogue of hard names, assured the court and jury that a much less injury would prove sufficient to occasion immediate death. To Mr. R——'s question, whether it was not probable, from the nature of the wound, especially as the face was blackened by the gunpowder, that the unfortunate gentleman had put an end to his existence with his own hand? he admitted the *possibility*, but denied the *probability* of the supposition; adding, that as the extinction of life must necessarily have been immediate, the fatal instrument must have been found in proximity to the body—a circumstance which had not taken place.

"That

"That is as far as you believe, sir. Might it not have been so found, and removed previous to your entering the pavilion?"

"It *might*, most certainly. But I was told——"

"Oh, sir, we will not trouble you to state *what you were told*. If nothing farther came under your personal observation, you may withdraw."

Mr. Jordan bowed, and left the witnesses' box.

Thomas Harris was next called, and deposed, that on the morning in question, being employed in his occupation (that of under-gardener at the Grange), he had seen, while at work in an adjacent part of the shrubbery, some person spring from the window of the summer-house, and begin making his way, with much haste and disorder, through the thickest evergreens and other shrubs that grew below: that, quitting what he was about, he ran forward to intercept the person, conclud-

ing

ing he was there on no good errand; but on advancing nearer, and perceiving it to be Mr. Baldwin, whom he, of course, knew perfectly, but did not imagine to have been at that time in the neighbourhood, he stopped, and did not accost him, but followed him with his eye, as he ran down an unfrequented track leading to a small gate that opened into a back-lane: that this occurrence, which took place a little before one o'clock, struck him as rather singular, but he did not attach much importance to it till about two hours after, when he heard his young mistress's husband had been murdered in the summer-house; on which he immediately mentioned what he had seen; and on afterwards examining the ground below the window, he had pointed out to a servant who accompanied him, two foot-marks in the soft soil directly beneath it, close to which was lying a pistol, of curious workmanship, recently discharged, and which he now produced. This witness under-

went, with much steadiness, a very severe cross-examination from Baldwin's legal adviser. He persisted in his entire conviction of the identity of the prisoner with the man whom he had seen leap from the window, affirmed the correctness of his assertion as to the time of day when he observed him, and the agitation of his demeanour.

"Pray, Mr. Harris, what were you doing in the shrubbery?"

"I was putting in some young laburnums."

"And pray, sir, how far might you be from the summer-house?"

"About fifty or sixty yards."

"How long had you been there?"

"I can't say exactly; half an hour perhaps."

"Now, Harris, having been for half an hour within fifty or sixty yards of the pavilion, did you, in the course of that time, hear any report of a pistol, or any thing like it?"

"I can't

"I can't say I did; but I do not know that I should have observed it if I had, for the gamekeepers are in the habit of firing so continually about the park, that I dare say I should not have noticed it."

"Do you mean to say that you did *not* hear any explosion?"

"I do not mean to say any such thing; I might, or I might not, but I do not recollect that I did."

"Did you return to your work after you lost sight of the person you think was Mr. Baldwin?"

"No; I had just finished what I was about, and I went away to the house immediately after."

"I take it for granted there is a footpath under the window of the summer-house, into which any person getting out of one of them would drop."

"No, there is not; the pathway is at some distance from the building, and Mr. Baldwin was making his way through the shrubs to it when I saw him."

 "When

"When did you first mention having seen him, and to whom?"

"To Dawkins; after I heard of the murder."

"You say that Mr. Baldwin's leaving the place by the window, rather than the door, struck you as singular; did not this singularity induce you to examine the interior of the building?"

"No; if I had not seen who it was, I should most likely have gone up; but knowing it was only Mr. Baldwin, I did not think it necessary."

"What height is the window from the ground?"

"Five or six feet."

"Where do you say you found that pistol?"

"Close beneath it."

"It seems a remarkable one; I should like to view it a little closer."

The jury having examined it, the weapon was handed to the advocate, who, glancing his eye over it, passed it on, at

his

his request, to the prisoner. It was of the larger size of pistols adapted for the pocket; the workmanship extremely neat, though old fashioned; but what was the horror and astonishment of the unhappy victim of circumstance, when on a small silver escutcheon, let into the stock, he distinctly saw engraved the words, "C. Baldwin!" Had a basilisk met his eye, the effect could not have been more instantaneous or astounding. He stood petrified, and the fatal instrument fell from his relaxed grasp. For the first time a despair of finally manifesting his innocence, and obtaining a complete and honourable acquittal, seized him, as the conviction forcibly rushed upon his mind that he was marked out the sacrifice of premeditated villainy; that the infamous assassin of Trevanion was also designedly striking at his own life to secure himself from detection; and that the many alarming coincidences which made against him, were not all the effect of accident. A confusion of ideas

 pervaded

pervaded his brain—his senses reeled; the judges, jury, and counsel, swam before his sight; and but for the support and assistance of an officer of the court, he would have fallen to the ground.

His agitation at the view of the deadly weapon was not unmarked by the court, nor did it tend to weaken the presumption of his guilt in the minds of the jury. They, too, had read the name inscribed on the silver plate, and it appeared convincing. All his faculties absorbed in emotion, Baldwin scarcely heard the examination of the landlord of the inn at D——, who deposed to the disappointment he had expressed at not finding a vessel bound for the Continent, ready to start the day he arrived, wishing, as he said, to join a friend in the Netherlands, who, he was apprehensive, might, in case of delay, sail for America without him. Nor did he hear the answers of Duddle, who now, with the greatest hesitation, and the most apparent reluctance, when questioned on his oath,

oath, admitted that he had, some time before the catastrophe took place, seen Trevanion offer Baldwin the indignity of a blow, and heard the latter vow in consequence, that, "when next they met, he would be amply and most bitterly revenged." Here the case for the prosecution closed; and, after a short interval, during which every eye was turned upon the prisoner, he was called upon by the judge for his defence.

An awful pause ensued; Mr. R—— was, of course, by the rules of the court, precluded doing more for his client than examining witnesses; the exculpatory reply must proceed from himself; and summoning all his fortitude to his aid, poor Charles, in a faltering tone of voice, began to declare his innocence.

After a slight exordium, in which he admitted the strong presumption a concatenation of untoward circumstances, some of which he could scarcely persuade himself were fortuitous, had raised against

 him,

him, he declared his intention of delivering a plain "unvarnished tale" of the whole of his acquaintance with the unfortunate victim of assassination, whose melancholy end no one could deplore more deeply than himself, and of every occurrence in which he had been implicated with respect to him. As his story proceeded, his confidence, arising from the consciousness of his innocence, increased, and supported him; he narrated, with much clearness and precision, the circumstances of his journey to London in search of the fugitives, Trevanion's misconception of his character and motives, and the unworthy treatment which he had experienced at his hands during their interview in Panton-street. He distinctly avowed having uttered the threat of revenge, as stated by the last witness against him—"Gentlemen," said he to the jury, "on receiving that indignity, the bare remembrance of which, even at this moment, and under all the dreadful events that have since

since taken place, still tinges my cheek with the blush of shame, I solemnly swore to be revenged. Gentlemen, I kept my oath, and no compunctious visitings for the deed will ever cross my memory with even momentary regret. I was revenged; I glory in the thought; but," continued he, observing the general shudder produced by this declaration, "the revenge I sought was not that horrid, yet despicable species which can gratify the feelings only of the weak or wicked, and which, when gratified to its fullest extent, never fails to recoil upon the miserable perpetrator; it was of that nobler kind which man admires, and the Divinity enjoins—that lofty passion, which, triumphing over the rebellious dictates of our depraved wills, returns good for evil, and by repaying injury with benefits, heaps upon the head of the repentant aggressor a load of shame and regret, scarcely less painful to a generous mind than 'coals of fire.'

"On that fatal morning, in that very

pavilion, from which he was but a few hours afterwards borne out a corpse, I produced to Trevanion, from the very pocket-book on the table, and which I must have left behind me, a deed, renouncing all claim whatever upon property which should of right descend to him and his wife, but which I had too much reason to suppose the ill-judged partiality of one, the remembrance of whose kindness now draws tears from my eyes, would have di verted from its proper channel. I saw that proud spirit which had spurned me, humbled and weighed down by a sense of obligation and remorse—that hand which had committed outrage on my person, courting my pressure. I heard the tongue which had reviled me, now loud in self-accusation and abasement, imploring oblivion for its fault, and the accents of reproach converted into eulogy and blessing. —Gentlemen, my vengeance was complete.

"At this, the proudest moment of my life,

life, a footstep sounded from without. I have, in the former part of my story, given you my reasons for wishing to avoid the sight of any one who might report my being in the vicinity to my friend and benefactor, lest his cruel kindness should compel me to relinquish my design of quitting England immediately. I sprang from the window, and effected my retreat, as I then believed, without observation or remark; nor was I aware of the fatal event which succeeded till my apprehension at D——. Oh! could I but have surmised that the step I heard approaching was (as appears too probably to have been the case) the tread of the assassin, to whose murderous intent nothing but my hurried flight could have ensured success, with what eagerness would I have retraced my steps, and, flying to the rescue of him whom I had so lately recognised as the brother of my heart, by the poor sacrifice of a life I loathed, have secured the happiness of one whose

welfare I would willingly undergo ten thousand deaths to promote.

"One word more, and I have done. That pistol, the apparent instrument of poor Trevanion's death, I solemnly declare, and I speak as I shall answer it at a higher tribunal than this, I have never, till this hour, beheld. By what strange chance, unless (as seems too likely) it has been so marked purposely for my destruction, my name became engraved on it, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. Never has it been in my possession.

"Gentlemen, you have heard the accusation; you have listened to my defence. For the unwearied patience and attention you have shewn, accept my sincerest thanks. The learned counsel, to whose kindness I am so much indebted, and whose abilities are far above any panegyric of mine, will produce to you a few witnesses in confirmation of a most material part of the statement I have laid before

before you. Into your hands, gentlemen, I fearlessly commit my life—my more than life—my honour. On your wisdom and intelligence I rely to extricate me from the web which villainy, as I have too much reason to fear, has cast around me, and to rescue me from a shameful death, which, came it unattended with any circumstances of dishonour, would bring with it little to terrify or distress."

Baldwin ceased, and, as he finished his energetic appeal, the murmurs of his auditors again expressed the sympathy his situation excited. Suspicious as were the circumstances against him, there was a something in the manner in which he told his story, that, against their better reason, almost convinced his hearers of his innocence. Mr. R—— now rose to substantiate, as far as possible, the account he had given by evidence. For this purpose he first called Mr. Peter Bagshaw, and his clerk, Mr. Ralph Pounce, who proved, one, the receiving instructions for, and consequent

consequent preparation of, the deed of gift mentioned by the prisoner in his defence; the other, the drawing up of the same; and both of them to having witnessed its execution, with all necessary formality, the day previous to Trevanion's death, Bagshaw having had directions from Baldwin to that effect the very day before he left Appleton with the Delavals. This very writing was produced in court by a constable, who had at the time examined the pockets of the deceased, and who gave his testimony to having found it on the person of the murdered man. It was immediately verified by Bagshaw and Pounce as being the identical instrument they described. Having afterwards called sir Charles Delaval, and two other most respectable gentlemen to his character; who, particularly the former, spoke in the highest terms of the rectitude of his principles, and the mildness and benevolence of his disposition, the prisoner here rested his defence, and an awfully-silent pause ensued; till the chief baron, having

having arranged the notes which he had been taking with much apparent care during the trial, began to sum up to the jury, and in a charge which did equal honour to his justice and his sensibility, went over the whole of the evidence, with suitable comments on each particular.

The crime, he told them, was of the most foul and atrocious nature, one from which every sensate bosom must shrink with abhorrence; it was that crime which was well defined in ancient law—"*Homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo sciente, clam perpetratur*"—a homicide committed out of the sight and knowledge of every human being: of the actual commission of this most execrable of crimes there could be no shadow of a doubt; the fact of the instrument with which it had been perpetrated, having been discovered in a situation in which it would have been out of the power of the deceased himself to have placed it, entirely doing away with the idea of his death having

been

been the result of suicide, even were any reasons adduced to render such a supposition likely, which was not the fact. That Mr. Trevanion had been destroyed by the hand of an enemy, there could be no doubt, and that too in such a way as must, from its malignity, amount, in the eye of the law, to the heinous crime of murder. The only question, therefore, for them to decide was, whether the prisoner at the bar was the perpetrator of the deed or not? A most respectable, though unwilling witness had proved the utterance of expressions teeming with menace by the prisoner against the deceased—a fact not denied by himself, although he had given a different turn to the mode in which he had put them into execution. He had also admitted the having been in company with the murdered man at least a very short time previous to the commission of the act which deprived him of life. He had been seen to quit the spot in an unusual manner, and with a disordered air, and had immediately

mediately afterwards endeavoured to leave the kingdom; a pistol, recently discharged, and marked with his name, although not traced to his possession, having been picked up beneath the very window from which he had confessed to have descended. It was for them to weigh these powerful facts against the explanation given, which, in some particulars, especially that of the deed of gift, had been fairly borne out in evidence. And here it was material to observe, that the deed in question was by no means cancelled by the death of Trevanion, it being also made in favour of his wife; had it been otherwise, they might, with great reason, have considered it to have been executed merely for a colour, and for the very purpose to which its production was now applied, namely, in case of suspicion falling upon the prisoner, to prove that a reconciliation had taken place between the parties, and consequently to obviate any recollection of the difference which had existed between them, and

and which might, on the discovery of the murder, turn men's minds towards the probable assassin.

Thus far the testimony of the deed was in the prisoner's favour, as was also the admission of one of the witnesses, that he had been to a certain degree active in arranging a difference between the deceased and his father-in-law; and of this, too, together with the very favourable accounts given of his disposition and general amenity of manners by several most respectable witnesses, they must give the prisoner full benefit. But it was now, from the oath he had taken, become his painful duty to direct the attention of the jury to one circumstance, which, if the story of the prisoner was correct, was in the highest degree mysterious and unaccountable. He meant the discovery of a pistol, marked with his name, in the situation in which it was found. If, indeed, he were the assassin, the explanation was easy; it had fallen from his hand or pocket in the hurry

hurry of his escape; but he not only denied this to be the case, but positively asserted he had never seen the instrument before, expressing his belief that his name must have been purposely inscribed upon it by the real murderer. In this case he could not help observing, that the coincidence which should induce him voluntarily and unwittingly to put himself into a situation so favourable to the views of his concealed enemy, was indeed surprising, and would call for all their candour to give it credence; besides, they must observe, that the name was by no means newly engraved; on the contrary, from the appearance of the characters, it would appear that a very considerable time, perhaps the lapse of years, must have taken place since the inscription had been put on by one who, from the style of workmanship, was evidently no mean artist.

He had felt it his duty, and a most painful duty, he assured them, it was, to make these

these remarks on the evidence they had heard adduced; he entreated and conjured them, by the oath they had taken, to weigh well every circumstance; and if they could, consistently with that oath, entertain any reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused, to pronounce his acquittal, and their verdict would be pleasing in the sight of God and man. He finished, and the jury retired from the box.

The strongest feelings of despondency had again resumed their empire in the bosom of Baldwin, and the tortures of suspense (for the jury were absent from the court above an hour) worked up his mind to agony. At length the door through which they had retired rolled back upon its hinges. In an instant every eye was fixed upon their entrance, and every tongue was mute; a silence, as of death, prevailed through the hall, as they slowly reoccupied the box from which they had removed. The downcast eyes of the jury, as they filed into their places, and the settled gravity

vity of their foreman, told Baldwin at once that he had nothing to hope, and the dreaded sound of "guilty" too soon confirmed his worst apprehensions. At this trying moment, the fortitude which had at one time nearly forsaken him, strung every nerve, and the faint hectic of a moment only flushed upon his cheek, as the friendly baronet, who had been stationed at his side during the whole of this eventful day, with a suffocating sob, now wrung the hand which he had grasped in convulsive agony.

Calm and collected in himself, he listened with an air of meek dignity to the judge, who, having placed on his head the sable covering used on these awful occasions, proceeded, in a voice faltering with emotion, to pass the fatal sentence, which consigned him to an early and disgraceful end. Then bowing with reverence to the court, the unhappy convict, with a slow, but firm step, walked through the throng, in which there was now scarcely a dry

eye

eye but his own, and followed his conductors to the solitary cell assigned to the condemned.

CHAPTER VI.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE melancholy fate of Trevanion, and the atrocity of his supposed murderer, had long since given place to some newer topic.

The society of Appleton had been "vastly glad" and "vastly sorry," "highly delighted" and "excessively shocked," at a great variety of the successes and misfortunes of their neighbours, when the assizes at C——, and the event of Baldwin's trial, the

the news of which reached them the same evening, once more brought the circumstances of his case to the fiery ordeal of their criticism.

Miss Letitia Drummond was sure, notwithstanding the verdict, that Mr. Baldwin was innocent; Mr. Duddle had told her so, and it was not in the nature of things for Mr. Duddle to be wrong.

Her friend, Miss Drybone, on the contrary, was but too much inclined to suppose that the "despairing lover," for so she was pleased to designate him, had too surely committed the action for which he was about to suffer. She had heard and read of but too many instances in which the impulse of despair, arising from the pangs of unrequited love, had precipitated the victims of slighted affection into deeds of yet greater enormity. Much, she thought, was to be said in his excuse. Mr. Trevanion had certainly stolen his first love away from him; ten to one but his brain was affected by the circumstance;

great

great allowances ought to be made, and, for her part, she pitied the poor young gentleman exceedingly.

Mr. Bagshaw here interposed, and after paying a compliment to the lady's humanity, declared that there existed no grounds whatever for supposing Mr. Baldwin to have been *non compos mentis*, either at the time of the murder or at present; could the former indeed be proved to have been the fact, he would have been placed in very different circumstances, as in that case he would have stood *rectus in curia*, a madman being incapable of committing a crime.

This doctrine was impugned by Mr. Jordan, who usually seconded the opinions of Miss Drybone, and now quoted the celebrated case of lord Ferrers and his steward, with a view to overturn the system of law laid down by the solicitor, who, piqued at being attacked on what he considered, with some reason, as his own territory, rejoined, with some warmth,

 that

that he was not surprised at gentlemen, who had never had an opportunity of making the law their study, committing mistakes on even greater points than the one Mr. Jordan had so completely misconceived; the instance he had ignorantly adduced making, in point of fact, entirely in favour of the argument he had himself advanced, and which it was brought to contradict; that unfortunate nobleman, though strongly suspected of being subject to occasional fits of derangement, having been proved to have been perfectly sane at the time of committing the act, or at least so far *compos* as to be able to distinguish right from wrong, on which point the question of his condemnation turned.

For the moment, Mr. Jordan was obliged to succumb; but the triumph of his antagonist was enjoyed with so little moderation, and his *dogmata* on the occasion were delivered in so very supercilious a manner, that the son of Galen, who, had

his

his opponent worn his blushing honours with less ostentation, might have given up the contest, now merely paused to recall his scattered forces, in the hope of attacking his provoking enemy on some more assailable quarter.

A pull by the nose, a pedestrious attack upon the seat of honour, or any other mark, indicating undisguised contempt, always unpleasant in itself, becomes doubly so when offered us in the immediate view of the lady to whom we are more particularly desirous of exhibiting ourselves to as much advantage as possible.

The insulting air of superior attainment assumed by Bagshaw, operated as a sort of intellectual kick upon the posteriors of Mr. Jordan's understanding, and he, in consequence, determined not to sit down quietly under the affront. With this resolution, he had scarcely patience to await the termination of a few remarks by doctor Drybone, who was lamenting the loss of the deceased, whom he eulogiz-

ed as a very good young man, and an excellent whist-player; relating, in confirmation, a brief memoir of the last rubber they had played together, in the progress of which, Trevanion, who was his partner, had evinced great judgment in a *finesse*, while at the important point of "nine and nine."

Contrary to his usual habit of taciturnity, the worthy doctor seemed inclined to be rather diffuse upon so interesting a topic, when, taking advantage of a pause in his harangue, Jordan broke in upon his game, and returned to the attack.—"Pray, Mr. Bagshaw, give me leave—there is one question upon a point of law, arising out of what I heard to-day, which I will thank you to resolve me, if it lies in your power."

"If it lies in my power! I do not mean to boast, sir, but I believe there are very few questions upon points of law which a man of my standing and experience in the profession has not the *ability* to unravel: as to the *inclination* to do it without

without a fee, that you know is quite a different matter: however, sir, let me hear your question, as I have no objection to give you my 'travelling opinion,' as Joe Miller calls it."

"I know nothing what Joe Miller calls it, but what I mean to say is this: I observe that your highwayman, or your traitor, or your murderer, or whatever he is—your malefactor—we'll call him a malefactor, for all these sort of people are malefactors equally the same——"

"I beg your pardon, sir; the law makes a difference, a very great difference. A man that has committed felony, sir—simple felony, understand me—is not a malefactor equally the same with a man that has committed treason; and I'll give you the reason—the reason——"

"Sir, allow me to say, that a thief is a malefactor, and a traitor is a malefactor, let the law make what distinction it will; it stands to reason that a malefactor is a malefactor."

 "Mr.

"Mr. Jordan, I don't deny that; sir, I don't deny that; I only say——"

"You say that a thief malefactor is not so bad as a traitor malefactor?"

"I do."

"Very well, sir: now there is this question I wish to ask you: I observed in reading the indictment in court to-day, that Mr. Baldwin was charged with being instigated by the devil——"

"Well, sir."

"Very well, sir! now there is this question I wish to ask: I don't pretend to much knowledge in the law, but I want to know, whether by these words Mr. Baldwin's offence is supposed to be aggravated or extenuated? That, sir, is my question."

"Aggravated or extenuated! sir, you surprise me; why to any person of common sense, the thing speaks for itself; why, sir, do you suppose?—you cannot suppose—I will not for a moment suppose that you can suppose that the indictment, being

ing the charge—observe me, the charge of the king against the prisoner, could contain any thing in it in extenuation of itself."

"Why yes, sir, with all due deference I do suppose it; for is not a man who is guilty of the whole of a crime much more atrocious than one who is guilty of only a part of one? Now, sir, here comes your devil—Lucifer we'll say, or Beelzebub, or any other devil, for a devil's a devil, I take it. Well, sir, here he comes to a man, a good-natured man perhaps, with a disposition as mild as an emulsion, and the devil comes and persuades him to go and give poison to somebody—arsenic we'll say—good! and the man does in consequence go and give arsenic to somebody, and he dies—very good. Now in this case, you know, the devil is guilty of a part; and if the devil is guilty of a part, then the man is only guilty of the rest. But now, suppose the devil has nothing to do with it, and the man goes and com-

 mits

mits the murder entirely of his own head; why then he is guilty of the whole himself, and the whole being greater than a part, it follows, that where the devil has nothing to do in the way of instigation, the murderer must be much more guilty than where the devil interferes."

Here Mr. Jordan looked round him with an air of triumph, and, with a glance which seemed to demand the approbation of the ladies, who sat listening with much apparent interest to the dispute, like another great orator, "paused for a reply." This reply, however, was not forthcoming quite so readily as several which had preceded; and a most gracious smile from Miss Drybone, accompanied by a nod, which said as plainly as a nod can say any thing—"You have pozed the lawyer," had already conveyed a thrill of rapture to the bosom of her admirer, when Bagshaw, who began to fear he had caught a Tartar, made a most gallant rally, though in a much lower tone than before.—"I am not at

at all surprised, Mr. Jordan, that a gentleman not versed in the law should make so very natural a mistake; nevertheless, sir, I am bold to say it is a mistake. The act of poisoning, whether with arsenic or any other deleterious substance, if knowingly and wilfully administered, and death ensue, amounts in law to no less a crime than murder, as you very justly observe. Now, sir, in this case, the devil becomes *particeps criminis*, or what we call in law, *an accessary before the fact*; now the law presumes every accessary to be equally guilty with the principal; and let me tell you, sir, if fifty men were to concur in committing one murder, all of them would be equally guilty in the eye of the law as if they had each individually committed an entire murder to his own share."

"That may be, sir, and I don't dispute it; but you must allow me to say, that if the law says that a part is greater than the whole, the law, or at least its expounders, talk nonsense."

 "Sir,"

"Sir," retorted Bagshaw, whose rising choler was by no means assuaged by this broad insinuation, "I should be extremely sorry to be obliged, by any thing that may fall from a gentleman in the way of friendly argument, to say any thing that may look like resentment, or any thing of that sort; but, sir, I cannot sit and hear the law, which I have followed these three-and-twenty years, treated with disrespect. The law of England, sir, has been defined, and very justly defined, by an authority which no one who hears me will, I am sure, be inclined to dispute—the law, sir, I say, has been defined to be the perfection of reason; and can you, sir, or can any man, imagine that the perfection of reason will ever make a man a blockhead?"

"Why, as to that, sir, if the law does not make a man a blockhead, it has made many a man a beggar. What do you say to that, Mr. Bagshaw?"

A general laugh at this home-thrust of Jordan's, in which no one more cordially joined

joined than the person who uttered what he doubtless considered as a *bon-mot* of the very first water, completely disconcerted the civilian, who gave up the contest, with much the same sort of feeling as the celebrated chevalier de St. George, who piqued himself on being the first fencer in Europe, would have sustained on finding himself, in spite of his fence, suddenly knocked down by a hop-pole; so true it is, that a wound from a blunt weapon is always more painful at first than one from a sharp one, and Bagshaw had ever been accustomed to consider his adversary as much inferior to himself in polemical ability.

The conversation now became much more general, reverting to its original topic, the case of Baldwin; and however parties might differ as to the existence or exact measure of his guilt, all the company were pretty unanimous in one respect, viz. in their opinion that he would most undoubtedly be hanged—a fate which all professed to lament, and which was most

sincerely deprecated by poor Duddle, who had been unremitting in his attentions to our hero, both before and after the trial; and from whose mind, not even his approaching nuptials with the fair Letitia, nor the thoughts of the wedding dinner, could drive the recollection of the melancholy situation of his friend, for whom he felt a most sincere regard, while his sorrow for his but too probably impending fate was keenly aggravated by the remembrance that he had himself, however unwillingly, been compelled in some degree to contribute to that conviction which was about to be followed up by a painful and ignominious death.

CHAPTER VII.

———————— I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell! and when you would say something sad,
Remember Buckingham! SHAKESPEARE.

THE heavy tolling of a bell on the morning of the fatal Monday awoke Baldwin from a sound and refreshing sleep, the first of that description which he had enjoyed since his incarceration. Suspense at length had ceased; he knew his fate, and was prepared to meet it. A single tear would sometimes course its way down his cheek, and there were moments when he strangely felt as if, had he indeed committed the crime for which he was to suffer, he should have been more resigned to what he would then have owned a well-deserved punishment.

punishment. But to be hurried out of the world by a well-meaning, though mistaken sense of justice, for an act he had never perpetrated, seemed hard—seemed very hard. But if human thoughts like these would for a moment intrude, they rested on his mind *but* a moment; his better reason taught him how much preferable it was to fall the innocent victim of another's delinquency, than to be dismissed into the presence of his Creator with the stain of blood upon his hands, however strong the provocation to the deed, or however sincere his subsequent repentance. The sufferings he was about to undergo for an imputed crime which he abhorred, might, he hoped, be accepted as in some degree an atonement for those lesser faults and frailties which he had indeed committed in his earthly pilgrimage; and ceasing to arraign the inscrutable designs of Providence, he bowed with resignation and with hope to its decrees.

One brilliant ray of a sun, rising in unclouded

clouded majesty, with difficulty made its way through the narrow crevice, which alone conveyed a small modicum of fresh air to the condemned cell, without being sufficient to enlighten even the whole of its confined dimensions: he marked its slow progress on the opposite wall, as the increasing elevation of the glorious orb from which it emanated betokened the advance of the day. How often in happier hours had he thrown open his chamber windows to view the rising sun, and to admit his earliest beams, fragrant with all the balmy odours of a May morning; and as it reared its head above the trees, hailed its ascent with feelings how pure! how ecstatic! how different to those with which he now met the last effulgent gleam, which was to shine upon him for a few hours, and then be lost to him for ever! For ever? no! he would still indulge the hope, that in a better and a purer state of existence he might still gaze on that beauteous luminary, so often

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the object of his admiration, and, freed from the weakness of mortal vision, behold its glories perhaps with an unshrinking and undazzled eye. His reverie was broken in upon by a faint noise from without, which he soon distinguished to be the clanking of hammers; nor was he at a loss to divine in what work they were employed. The scaffold he was so soon about to tread was then nearly prepared for his reception! A slight revulsion of his frame took place as the bell tolled once more loud and solemn, but it was but for an instant, and he rose with composure from his seat to receive the reverend minister of religion, who, since his condemnation, had been unceasing in administering her comforts to him, and who now, in compliance with his request, again entered for the last time, to assist in nerving his soul to the endurance of sufferings in this world, by the bright prospect of a happy futurity in another.

Those pestilent doctrines which tend to

sever

sever man from his Creator, and which, at a time like this, would have overwhelmed him with misery and despair, had happily never made any impression on the well-regulated and thinking mind of Baldwin; he had been early taught "to remember his Creator in the days of his youth." He was a firm and conscientious believer in those sacred writings which, with all the impotent malignity of the viper against the file, but too many, in the pride of ignorance, or from the more sordid and detestable love of gain, have vainly endeavoured to assail. He was a Christian, and at this the most bitter moment of his life, he felt all the value of that faith which would disarm death of his terrors, and rob him of his sting.

Assisted by the worthy chaplain, who gave his aid in a style equally distinct from the presumptuous security of the Romish church, and the gloomy despondency of Calvinism, Baldwin continued his devotions till the entrance of the sheriff, who

at

at length appeared, and with evident marks of a feeling that did him honour, announced the expiration of his time, and that all was in readiness. With a dignified and manly air, equally removed from levity and sullenness, Baldwin accompanied his sympathizing attendants to the room in which the executioner waited to strike off his irons—a ceremony he underwent with the most unshaken firmness; and taking a most affectionate leave of his reverend friend, who, nevertheless, insisted on continuing his services to the last moment, he ascended the scaffold, calm and undaunted, surveying the populace with a mild yet penetrating look.

It was at this awful moment, when a few more seconds would have terminated his existence in this world, that a cry was heard from the extremity of the crowd, while in the distance a man was seen urging a mettlesome steed to the utmost of his speed, and waving one hand, which contained a paper, above his head; the sound increased,

increased, and in another moment became embodied in words, as the exclamation, "a reprieve!" ran with the velocity of lightning from mouth to mouth, till it reached the ears of the sheriff, who instantly commanded the preparations for the execution to cease, and advanced to receive from the messenger that joyful order which the delay of a few minutes longer would have indeed rendered unavailing.

Baldwin fainted upon the scaffold.

The kindly and humane feelings of an English mob have long raised them high, in the scale of existence, above those in a correspondent sphere of life in any other country in the world. These feelings, on all occasions proverbial, never shewed themselves more strongly than at the present moment, when they witnessed, with a simultaneous burst of pleasure, the arrival of the mandate which brought life and freedom to him whose last agonies they had assembled to contemplate.

A great deal has been said on the impo-

licy of public executions, as tending to barbarize and harden the hearts of spectators, already too prone to deeds of cruelty; but omitting the obvious advantage of screening any rich or noble, though atrocious criminal, from the heavy hand of retributive justice, (a circumstance which, if the sentence of the law were to be executed in private, would be but too likely to ensue), the very fact of its tending to indurate the heart may, with great show of reason, be doubted, especially by any one who has beheld the eagerness and exultation with which a British populace never fail to welcome any messenger of mercy who comes to snatch a fellow-creature from destruction in the very crisis of his fate, although to the disappointment of that savage curiosity which some persons ascribe to their very nature, and invariably impute to all those who assemble at these mournful spectacles.

Amidst the shouts of those who, in rejoicing at his deliverance, forgot the enor-

mity

mity of the crime for which he had appeared before them, the insensible Baldwin was conveyed to an apartment in the gaoler's house, his arms were unpinioned, and a copious evacuation of blood followed the judicious application of the lancet.

In the mean time, the person who brought the order for suspending his execution, was earnestly interrogated as to the circumstances which had caused a revision of the sentence; but of them he could give but little information. All that he had gathered was, that late in the evening of the day succeeding the trial, a man covered with dust, from the speed which he had exerted in travelling, had reached the town of M——, at which place the judges had arrived on their way to the assizes, which, in the course of their circuit, they were proceeding to hold in the adjoining county; and scarcely giving himself time to breathe, on quitting his panting horse, whose bloody sides gave evidence of the incessant application of the spur, insisted

on

on being immediately conducted to the chamber of the chief baron, into whose hands, on his demand being complied with, he had delivered a packet of papers, and retiring, had evinced much agony and agitation of mind: that after the lapse of about half-an-hour, sir William —— had been summoned to consultation with his brother judge, in whose apartment he remained closeted some time; and afterwards he (the bearer of the dispatch, who was also one of the attendants on that great luminary of the law) was posted off, and directed to proceed with the utmost expedition to countermand the order for the death of the prisoner, who had been left behind at C—— for execution—a commission he should have performed in a much smaller space of time, but for an unlucky accident, his horse falling on the steep descent of a hill, and throwing him with such violence as to stun, and render him for some time incapable of pursuing his journey, even after another animal had been

been procured; the one he started upon having been too much injured to proceed.

He stated that, previous to his departure, he had obtained a casual view, in passing, of the mysterious courier who brought the packet that seemed to have had such a saving influence on the fate of Baldwin, and described him as being a rather elderly man, pale and emaciated in his appearance, yet possessing the air and manners of a gentleman. He added, that on finding an order to prevent Mr. Baldwin from suffering had been issued, he had clasped his hands together with much emotion, and retired from the courtyard, which he had been previously perambulating with much apparent emotion, to a bedroom he had desired might be prepared for his reception, ejaculating, with the highest degree of self-congratulation—"I thank my God that I was not too late!"

The story told by the messenger was more correct in the main than these sort

of

of second-hand narratives usually are, especially when the real circumstances of the case are slightly tinged with the marvellous, and on that account give greater scope for embellishment to a lively imagination, than plain matter of fact and every-day occurrences are apt to afford.

The chief baron had indeed received a most extraordinary communication, which had induced him to act in the manner described, and to send off an immediate *respite* (for it was no more), to stay the execution of an unfortunate man, whom he now really began to consider the innocent victim of appearances, at least till a more close investigation should establish the truth or falsehood of the tale now laid before him.

The packet which caused this sudden and important change in the opinions of himself and his learned brother, was very brief, and contained little more than the leading facts of the subjoined narrative, which

which, for the sake of perspicuity, we feel it necessary to give the reader entire.

At one of those noble seminaries, monuments alike of the learning, piety, and munificence of their benevolent founders, which adorn the metropolis of Great Britain, were two youths, between whom circumstances had combined to establish a stronger degree of friendship than is usually known to exist between lads of their age, especially when placed together within the walls of a public school, where generous emulation is but too apt to degenerate into a less liberal species of rivalry, and where the easily-excited passions of youth, as fleeting as they are vivid, seem to prohibit all idea of permanence to sentiments either of hostility or regard: nor could the strict intimacy which then subsisted between Charles Baldwin and Francis Beresford, be with justice ascribed to similarity of disposition,

disposition, or congenial tastes. In age, in temper, in attainments, no two persons could be more different from each other. Baldwin, rash, fiery, and impetuous, easily irritated and still more easily appeased, felt the restraint to which he was necessarily subjected by the discipline of the school, a most intolerable burthen. With an understanding and genius far above mediocrity, a quickness of apprehension and power of memory, which rendered his studies of comparatively-easy acquisition, he had no application, and was totally deficient in those habits of reflection which alone can impress knowledge on the mind, so as to render it of use to the possessor. Not that he hated books; on the contrary, a brilliant passage, or an elevated sentiment, happily expressed, never failed for the moment to produce its due effect, and his kindling eye and energetic delivery would evince that he both felt and justly appreciated the beauties of his author; but, with the closing of the volume, all

interest

interest on the subject ceased, and he would turn away to amusements more congenial to his temper, with all the glee and hilarity of a released galley-slave. Presumptuously confident in his own powers, he not unfrequently omitted all attention to the task of the day till a few minutes before the hour when it was to be repeated; and though his abilities and *good luck* would sometimes carry him through with tolerable credit, yet far more frequently did he draw down upon his head serious "jobations" and punishment, of a still less agreeable description, by his hesitation in deciphering, or total failure in attempting to unravel some sentence of more than ordinary complexity, the "Gordian knot" of which his less brilliant, but more plodding friend, Francis, would at once "unloose, familiar as his garter." Charles was frank and open to a fault, and frequently got into scrapes, from which the common prudence of concealing his

 opinion,

opinion, when its expression was not called for, nor indeed sometimes warranted, would have preserved him.

Francis, on the contrary, was close and reserved; seldom intruding his sentiments unnecessarily, though honest and ingenuous in their avowal, when circumstances induced him to declare them. Baldwin, whose generosity amounted to profusion, could seldom keep a shilling in his pocket; Beresford, with a far inferior allowance, was never without money. The one, all life, spirits, and animation, heedless of giving offence, and fearless in encountering any adversary whose wrath he might wilfully or unintentionally excite: the other, mild, and grave almost to melancholy, cautious of implicating himself in any thing like a quarrel, and with just enough of personal bravery to screen him from the odious imputation of cowardice, a stigma certainly not considered as less disgraceful by the little world in which

they

they then moved, than it is on that more extended sphere on which they were soon afterwards to appear.

In person they were both fine, healthy-looking lads of their age, without any thing remarkable or striking in the appearance of either; but Baldwin was, by a few years, the senior. Notwithstanding all this dissimilarity of mind and manner, their dispositions might rather be said to be different than opposite, and the closeness of their intimacy operated perhaps to their mutual advantage.

When Charles was short of cash, or magisterial indignation had vented itself in the ungracious form of an imposition, Frank would lend him money, or execute his translation for him. If Frank unfortunately came in contact with some youthful Hotspur, a circumstance which not all his moderation and well-known pacific inclinations would at all times be sufficient to prevent, his friend Charles, without any inquiry into the nature, origin, or justice

of the dispute, was ever ready to take the quarrel upon himself, and "for him defy him." Thus the mental powers of the one, and the corporeal energies of the other, were alternately called into play, by the vicissitude of passing events, for the benefit of each other; and however their intimacy might have commenced, its progress was undoubtedly facilitated by the reciprocity of good offices which their different bents enabled them to perform.

A few years had elapsed, during which their vacations had frequently been passed together, the friends of both residing in the same county, when Baldwin was removed by his guardians to the university, and Francis begged hard to be permitted to accompany him. To this request, however, his father thought proper to give the most decided refusal for the present; as although the literary progress of his son had been such as fully to qualify him for his attendance upon Alma Mater, still, duly considering the danger of commit-

ting

ting a youth too early to his own guidance, another year at least was thought requisite, before he could venture to deliver the reins into the hands of one so young. This long and lingering year at length rolled away, and Francis prepared to rejoin his friend.

The gay and dissipated scenes of Oxford proved a soil but too congenial to bring to perfection the errors and follies which are seldom wanting in youths of so lively a temperament as Baldwin, and having no careful and guardian hand to prune and check their luxuriance, the early buds which had exhibited themselves so plentifully in his schoolboy days now blossomed in full maturity. Very early in life he had been deprived, by death, of the only parent he had ever known, his mother having previously purchased his existence with her own; and a very distant relation, a clergyman in Gloucestershire, had assumed, agreeably to his father's will, the guardianship of his person, and the protec-

tion of his property. This property, originally amounting to about eight thousand pounds, had, by the prudent management of his guardian, increased during his minority to nearly double that sum; a fortune which, with a moderate share of industry and attention, might have put him in the way of securing affluence, or at least was sufficient in itself to secure him, with common prudence, all the comforts, and even some of the luxuries of life.

Poor Baldwin, however, possessing in perfection that unfortunate turn for spending and giving, to which allusion has already been made, could scarcely have failed to dissipate in a very few years a much larger sum than that which he possessed, even had the temptation to which he fell a victim been wanting; but, as if in order to prevent the possibility of his remaining in comfort and respectability, an unlucky introduction to one of the subscription-houses in St. James's-street, by a college-acquaintance, accelerated the ruin which

which was already advancing upon his finances with steps sufficiently rapid.

During the vacations every hour was considered by him as lost, that was not spent in the fascinating pursuit of "Rouge et Noir;" and even during term time, when his residence at Oxford afforded no such facilities for his favourite game, he still found means, with the assistance of a few friends of similar disposition, to wile away the hours in a rubber at billiards, or a main at chicken hazard. By these and similar means, great dilapidations had been made in his patrimony, which was fast dwindling away when Frank rejoined him at college. His penetration soon perceived the dangerous track in which the friend of his youth was proceeding, and no efforts were wanting on his part to withdraw him from the pernicious snares which were fast closing round him.

That he might be the better able to carry this benevolent intention into effect, he not unfrequently joined the parties in

which Baldwin spent his evenings, and sometimes, by his presence and remonstrances, had influence enough to keep him in some degree within the bounds of moderation, till, one unfortunate evening, at a party given at his own rooms, to which Charles and some of his friends were invited, together with several others of a very different turn of mind, an accident occurred, which tended materially to influence his future destiny in life.

The bottle had circulated very freely, and several of the party had already retired, when Francis, on his return from escorting a young freshman across the quadrangle, who had swallowed too much port to be able to find his way to his own rooms without assistance, found, to his surprise and displeasure, that advantage had been taken of his temporary absence from the chair to introduce the dice—a thing he had never permitted in his own rooms before.

Interposing immediately, he resolutely

insisted

insisted on the play being discontinued, and succeeded in prevailing on them to relinquish the dangerous amusement; the consequence was a fresh libation to the jolly god, of which poor Frank, in the support of his character of host, partook so largely, that both his visual and reasoning faculties became in a short time so evidently impaired, that the same instruments of mischief were once more introduced at the lower end of the table, with very little chance of detection from the president, who was now so far overcome as to commence, much to the amusement of some of his scarcely more sober auditors, a most edifying lecture on the beneficial consequences of temperance and regularity, totally insensible of the manœuvres going on at the other end of the room, or the noise and uproar which more immediately surrounded him. It was at this unfortunate moment, when Frank had brought his oration in praise of sobriety nearly to its acme, that the door

 opened,

opened, and the vice-principal, accompanied by one of the senior fellows of the college, entered the room.

Baldwin and his gambling friends were so occupied in their pursuit, that it was not till the sudden cessation of the noise at the other end of the table induced them to look up and ascertain the cause, that they discovered this very unusual and unwelcome intrusion. Instantly they endeavoured to conceal the nature of their employment, by hastily throwing the dice, boxes, &c. under the table, but with so little skill, that one of the latter rolling over the carpet, rested immediately against the foot of the vice-principal, who, without making any remark, coolly picked it up and put it in his pocket; then commanding the party to disperse immediately, and intimating to the confused master of the revels, that the whole transaction would undergo a serious revision in the morning, saw the company out, and followed them, leaving Beresford to such comfortable

comfortable reflections as the state of his head and senses would enable him to form.

The next day, accordingly, Francis, together with most of the party, were summoned before a seniority, when it was ascertained, not only that the regulations of the college had been infringed by the excess of the preceding evening, but that a young commoner of the name of Willoughby had actually been pillaged of a very considerable sum of money at hazard. It was in vain that Beresford declared his innocence of any participation in the transaction; honour forbade his denouncing those whom he believed to be the real perpetrators; and in the end, in order, by a severe example, to put a stop to so pernicious a practice, which had for some time been strongly suspected to exist, three of the offenders, among whom was Baldwin, were adjudged to expiate their fault by a rustication for a couple of terms; while Beresford, as the president and supposed director

director of the party, was absolutely and unconditionally expelled.

A sentence so severe, and from which there was no appeal, fell like a thunderbolt upon poor Frank; and it was some time before he could sufficiently collect himself to write a full statement of the whole unfortunate business to his father, who would, he knew, deeply feel this cruel reversal to all the hopes he had been so fondly cherishing of his son's future progress in the paths of literature. Nor was he mistaken. Deeply indeed did the measure affect him; but from his partial fondness, Francis's candid statement and declaration of his unconsciousness of the gaming transaction carried on in his rooms, met with that credit which was denied to it by the less accessible superiors of B—— college; consequently, a most affectionate reception, though not unmingled with deserved reproof for the irregularity to which he had pleaded guilty, awaited the ex-undergraduate

dergraduate on his return to the paternal roof.

By this proceeding Frank's views in life were, of course, materially altered. The learned professions, to one of which his thoughts had been directed, were, of course, for ever shut against him; for the army he had no predilection; and he finally resolved to accede to what were now become his father's wishes, and occupy a desk in his counting-house, preparatory to seeing his name one day added to the firm of Waters, Beresford, & Co. in Abchurch-lane.

He had continued in this occupation nearly two years, when, one day, in the dusk of the evening, in his way to one of the theatres, he was jostled in the middle of Fleet-street, by a person advancing in a hurried and somewhat agitated manner, whom, on his stopping to apologize for the consequences of his heedlessness, he at once discovered to be his old friend Baldwin. There had been but little intercourse

course between them since the unfortunate evening which terminated in their banishment from Oxford, and Frank knew little of the method in which the other passed his time from actual observation, though the rumours which sometimes reached him through the channel of a mutual acquaintance, occasioned him to fear that he had not forsaken the same destructive path which had led to his first serious misfortune, and which he began to fear would finally conduct him to irretrievable ruin. In this conjecture he was painfully confirmed, when, on expressing his joy at their meeting, and proposing that they should pass the evening in each other's company, the conversation was broken in upon by a shabby-looking fellow, who, with another of not more prepossessing appearance, had stationed himself at Baldwin's elbow, and who now, in a tone of impatience, exclaimed—"Come, come, Muster Balvin, ve must be jogging; ve can't stand jabbering here all night. The

The gemman seems inclined to be civil, to be sure; and if so be he's a mind to bail you, he can find you out to-morrow, you know, and ve ha got other fish to fry than to vait for all that 'ere palaver."

This speech at once convinced Beresford of the extent of his friend's misfortune, and at once relinquishing the scheme of pleasure on which he had set out, he prevailed upon the bailiffs, by an argument which those gentlemen seldom have logic enough to refute, to retire with him and their prisoner to a neighbouring tavern, where, calling for a private room, and a bottle of port, which the two retainers of the law quietly seated themselves in a corner to discuss, he proceeded to inquire into the nature and magnitude of Charles's embarrassment.

The story was soon told; it was one of every-day occurrence. Thrown upon the world, his own master, without check or control, Baldwin had given way to his fatal propensity, 'till the whole of his property

perty was swallowed up in its vortex. By degrees he became desperate; and on the evening which completed his ruin, he was returning from the gaming-house to his lodgings, when a writ was served upon him at the very door, and he was conveyed to a spunging-house in Carey-street, at the suit of Mr. Ezekiel Stay-tape, an eminent tailor at the west end of the town. Here the unhappy prisoner remained for a few days, during which he made several applications to many of his fashionable friends; but it unfortunately happened that, by some strange chance, all his letters must have miscarried, as otherwise it is hardly possible to account for the total silence observed as to their contents by all to whom he addressed them, with one exception: from one, however, a baronet of sporting notoriety, he was favoured with a billet in answer to his own, which, with some slight alterations for the sake of orthography, ran as follows.

"DEAR

"DEAR BALDY,

"Had your note—so you are shopt—cursed sorry indeed, but got no Spanish. What we must all come to—go to quod myself soon. Better shoot yourself, Baldy.—Off to Newmarket in a cursed hurry, so no time for more.

"Your friend,

"WENTWORTH WAGERTON.

"*P.S.* Bet you six to four upon the Derby, Sweetlips against the field."

Little consolation as this elegant epistle was calculated to bestow, it was yet preferable to the cold neglect which denied any notice to his letters, inasmuch as knowing the worst is at all times less painful than a state of suspense. His finances being now totally exhausted, Baldwin, unable to pay any longer for the excellent accommodations of Mr. Lockit's mansion, was reduced to the necessity of retiring to less commodious apartments on the other side

side the water, where so many gentlemen in similar circumstances

> ——————— "Sit down,
> The king (Heaven bless him!)* finding them a bench."

On the road, he, as fortunately as unexpectedly, nearly ran over the friend who in their youthful days had so often extricated him out of scrapes, although certainly of much less magnitude. A long conversation ensued between the two, the result of which was, that Baldwin gave up his intention of entering the walls of a prison that evening without much reluctance; and with his now-obsequious attendants, who scrupled not to declare that they knew how to behave themselves to a gemman as vas a gemman, retraced his steps, with the intention of trespassing on the hospitality of Mr. Lockit for one night more.

The mind of his excellent friend, meanwhile, was occupied in considering the readiest method of extricating him from his

his embarrassments, and replacing him in a situation of comfort and respectability. Before he engaged to attempt this, Charles had given him a solemn promise that, in the event of his present involvements being removed, he would never more, on any pretence whatever, win or lose a single guinea; and the religious observance of his word, which, amidst all his frailties and follies, was a circumstance he had ever piqued himself upon, gave Francis no slight hopes that his reformation might be confidently anticipated.

His father, to whom he mentioned the whole affair, and whose advice and assistance he solicited, was not so sanguine; nevertheless, as his darling son had pledged himself in the business, he reluctantly promised both; secretly resolving in his own mind, that the appointment which he intended to procure for this votary of dissipation, should be such a one as would preclude the possibility of his endangering the morals of his son by his vicinity.

Acting

Acting upon this idea, he dispatched Frank the next morning with full powers to procure the liberation of his friend, (which was effected at the expence of something under three hundred pounds), and to bring him back with him to dine in Abchurch-lane.

After a plain, but plentiful repast, the servants being withdrawn, Mr. Beresford, senior, took advantage of a pause in the conversation, occasioned by Baldwin's terminating a speech of some length, in which he had endeavoured to convey his acknowledgments for the loan of the morning, (since in no other light would he stoop to consider the accommodation he had received), to make a proposition to him that he should go out to India; stating, that his own interest with Mr. Waters, the head of the firm, who was also an East India director, should be exerted to place him in a situation at once honourable and lucrative; and adding, that he would himself take charge of his outfit.

In

In Baldwin's situation such a proposal was like a plank to a drowning man; he eagerly grasped at it, and as he poured out the warmest expressions of gratitude to both his benefactors, saw comfort, and even affluence, once more within his reach.

The father of Beresford was not a man to excite hopes which he did not intend to realize; still less, having once decided on what was necessary to be done, was he inclined to be dilatory in the execution of it; the consequence was, that the valuable appointment in question was secured for his *protégé*, who, with high-raised hopes, and the most joyful anticipations, embarked with the next fleet for the golden shores of Hindostan.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

> He saw her charming, but he saw not half
> The charms her downcast modesty concealed.
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> — — — — — —
>
> Delightful task! to rear the tender mind,
> To teach the young idea how to shoot!
>
> THOMSON.

MORE than four years had elapsed since Baldwin's departure from England, when a heavy calamity assailed the friend he had left behind, and for some time so completely overwhelmed him, as to render him incapable of attending to business. This was the lamented and somewhat sudden death of his excellent father, who expired after a few days illness, brought on by a violent cold, contracted as he incautiously remained some time exposed to the rush of a strong current of air in a narrow passage, leading out of one of the principal

principal streets in the city, into which he had retired to seek temporary shelter from a heavy shower of sleet and rain in a chill February morning.

At the time of the death of his mother, Francis had been too young to be sensible of the nature and magnitude of his loss; but the deprivation of the society of a parent, whose worth and affection towards himself had been so strongly felt and so properly appreciated, conveyed to his mind the most painful sensations of regret, while the melancholy reflection that he was now alone in the world, a solitary being, with no one to feel interest in his success, or sympathy in his misfortunes, awoke, in a mind but too well adapted for its reception, a degree of morbid sensibility, which evinced itself in a listless and gloomy despondency, which he had neither the courage nor the inclination to attempt to overcome. It was at this period, when the voice of friendship, and particularly of female friendship, is so dear, that

Beresford was first introduced to the society of Maria Harrington. Being warmly pressed by his friends to follow the recommendation of his physicians, and strive to alleviate the depression of his spirits by a change of scene, he at length reluctantly complied, more to get rid of their importunities, than from any idea of a beneficial result to be derived from the proposed remedy; agreeing fully with the poet, that

"Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,"

and that the grief must be light indeed which mere change of place can alter or assuage. Yielding, however, to repeated attacks, he was induced to accept the invitation of a junior partner in the firm, and accompany him on a visit to his mother, who was at that time residing in the town of Appleton, in the neighbourhood of which she possessed some property.

Mrs. Harrington was a woman who, to elegant manners, united a strong and even

masculine

masculine understanding. She saw at once the nature of her guest's malady, and set herself, with as much address as benevolence of intention, to divert his thoughts from the subject of their contemplation, and to vanquish those feelings of self-abandonment, so enfeebling alike to both his mental and corporeal energies. To accomplish this purpose, no method, she knew, was so certain as to engage him in useful and active occupation; and in pursuance of this view of his case, she contrived, without shocking his feelings by an introduction to miscellaneous company, which would only have annoyed him, or proposing public entertainments, from which he would have revolted, to engage him constantly in those gentle domestic employments, those little offices of attention and goodwill, which, while they effectually amuse and withdraw the mind from the immediate contemplation of its own sorrows, are neither of so light a cast as to disgust, nor so burdensome as to

weary, but occupy the mind without fatiguing, and as it were cheat us into a temporary forgetfulness of our sorrows.

In her endeavours she was most powerfully, though unconsciously, seconded by her daughter. Pity, we are told, is akin to love; and never was the truth of that axiom more fully demonstrated than in the present instance. The personal graces, the mild gentlemanly manners, and the mental acquirements of Beresford, had not failed to make their due impression upon the fair Maria, in whose eyes, from a disposition slightly tinctured with romance, the mournful expression of his handsome features tended perhaps not a little to enhance the effect of his other qualifications. Certain it is, that the flattering and eager attention with which she hung on his accents, when he read aloud from the works of some of our best poets and authors, as her mother and herself sat at their work-table—the chastened pleasure which shone in her eyes, as she leant timidly on his

arm

arm in their morning walks, and listened to his conversation—failed not to raise a corresponding emotion in the breast of Francis, and tended more than all her mother's kind devices to beguile him insensibly of his grief; nor was it till the time of his proposed departure was at hand, that he fully perceived how great a void would once more be left in his bosom by the loss of her society.—Her brother James, whom he had accompanied down, had, after the first few days, spent much of his time from home. Of a lively, rattling turn, he infinitely preferred renewing his acquaintance with his old companions in the neighbourhood, and partaking in their field-sports and pleasures, to prosing at home with *mamma*; and, after a few abortive attempts to get Beresford to accompany him in his visits, yielded without much ceremony to his request that he might be no restraint upon him, and was very well satisfied in

leaving him, as he styled it, "to entertain the ladies."

The consequences may easily be foreseen: Beresford every hour imbibed unconsciously larger draughts of that delicious poison which is always the charm, though sometimes the bane also of our lives. But it was not till the expiration of his visit, which he had prolonged much beyond his original design, that his eyes were opened to the nature of his feelings, although he was aware they had undergone a considerable change. A deep, but chastened, sorrow for the loss of his dear father still remained; but it was no longer attended with sensations amounting almost to despair. The sullen apathy with which he viewed the business and the pleasures of the world, the indifference he felt towards all that usually amuses or interests, existed no longer, but gave way to sensations of a more cheerful kind, though not altogether unattended with anxiety.

A very

A very short period elapsed ere Beresford was again at Mrs. Harrington's, and the result of this second visit was decisive; he returned to town alone indeed, but it was only to make preparations for the reception of Maria as his wife; and at the expiration of little more than a twelve-month from the period at which he fancied the whole creation to be, as far as himself was concerned, a melancholy blank, he found himself once more bound to existence, by ties as sacred and even more endearing than the last.

The fortune of Beresford, which, though not large, was easy, was vested almost entirely in the mercantile house of which he was a member; but commerce had never been his favourite pursuit; he had engaged in it, partly to please his late father, and partly because no other profession occurred (except those from which he was unfortunately excluded) to which his inclination gave the preference. Now, however, he resolved to quit it, and, withdrawing

at least from active business, to spend the remainder of his life in the undivided enjoyment of domestic pleasures, and the delightful occupation of that literary leisure which he had ever looked forward to as the height of human happiness. In pursuance of this resolution, he laid out nearly the half of his capital in the purchase of lands in the vicinity of Appleton, a part of the country to which both his wife and himself were much attached, it being the native place of the one, and the scenes which its neighbourhood exhibited reminding the other of what he considered with justice as the happiest portion of his life. The remainder of his property he continued in the house, in which his brother-in-law, by his secession, now became a leading member; to which circumstance, indeed, his interest as well as his purse contributed, as to secure him this situation it was that he was induced to leave what was no inconsiderable part of his fortune invested in the concern, and

and to become what is usually styled a "sleeping partner."

Days, months, and years, rolled on in happiness and in peace; the only thing wanting to complete the felicity of Beresford was a son; this, however, was a boon denied to his prayers, or but granted, to be almost immediately resumed. Within the first few years of their marriage, Maria had indeed presented him with three children, a boy and two girls; of these, his son was snatched from him very soon after his birth, while the eldest of his daughters fell, at four years old, a victim to the ravages of that disorder formerly so fatal to millions—the smallpox. Mrs. Beresford gave no signs of being likely again to increase his family, so that all the affections of both parents were lavished with unabating fondness on the little Mary, who was alike the darling of each.

Things were in this state, and Mary had seen her fifth birthday, when one evening, as Francis and his wife were

watching the gambols of their pet upon the carpet, a servant announced the arrival of a stranger from London, who wished to speak a few words with Mr. Beresford. This was no unusual occurrence, as many of Mr. James Harrington's friends had heretofore paid them a visit *en passant*, charged with his remembrances, or communications on the subject of the firm. Supposing it therefore to be on a similar occasion, Beresford, motioning his wife, from whom he had no secrets, to resume the chair from which she was rising, directed him to be admitted. The servant obeyed, and presently ushered into the room a tall emaciated figure of a man, in a dress of the very commonest materials, of which any one at all pretending to the character of a gentleman can well have his habiliments constructed. His clothes were moreover evidently the worse for wear, nor in their original formation (the period of which seemed as if it might be referred to a very distant date) did fashion appear to

to have been so much consulted as economy. Still, in spite of the ruggedness of his exterior, there was an ease of deportment, a something in his carriage, which evidently betrayed the gentleman; and his whole appearance betokened him to be one who "had sat at good men's feasts," and known better days.

Beresford, who had risen to receive him, gazed upon his visitor with a surprise which was not lessened by perceiving his dark brows contracted, and a pair of black piercing eyes fixed upon his own face, with a keenness of observation which seemed as it were intended to penetrate into his very inmost soul. As he requested his guest to be seated, a faint recollection, as of a half-forgotten dream, came over his mind, that he had somewhere met that searching glance before, and conviction flashed upon him, as—"Frank, am I then forgotten?" burst upon his ear in the well-remembered tones of Baldwin.

To spring from the chair he was on the

 point

point of resuming, to grasp the hand of his earliest friend, and press it with all the eagerness of pleasurable surprise, was the work of an instant, when, for the first time, he perceived that friend was not alone, but that a fine boy, apparently about three years old, was standing abashed behind him, and screening his youthful face in the cumbrous folds of his protector's surtout.

"Charles," cried the astonished Beresford, "do my eyes deceive me? or do I indeed recognise the person of my old and most valued companion?"

"Yes," replied his auditor, though with less warmth, "your eyes are pretty correct: I am indeed that Baldwin to whom you once proved yourself so sincere a friend, and who now, therefore, intrudes upon you, to ascertain whether the feeling you then entertained towards him has evaporated, or whether he may once more venture to draw upon your friendship?"

"To the utmost of my means, my dear fellow,

fellow, be assured. But come, lay aside your great-coat—draw a chair—let me introduce you to Mrs. Beresford—make yourself comfortable for to-night, and to-morrow you shall tell me what I can do to serve you; and fear not to tax my means to the uttermost.—But who is this fine little fellow?—A young Baldwin, eh?—Is it so?"

A tear stood in the eye of Baldwin as he relinquished the hand of the child to Beresford, who drew him to his knee; when, seating himself, and addressing his discourse to Maria, who had witnessed the foregoing conversation with amazement, he said—"That boy is indeed my child—the only object in which my whole soul is wrapped up; and it is on his account, to secure him a protector when I shall be no more, that I have now intruded on your husband's fireside. Of his acquiescence in my wishes, the reception I have met with from him leaves me no room to doubt: may I venture

to

to hope, madam, that from you they will meet with a compliance but half as flattering?"

"Most undoubtedly, my dear sir," replied Mrs. Beresford; "the name of Baldwin has long been familiar to me, though the person of him who bore it was unknown, and I shall ever rejoice in an opportunity of evincing my respect for so dear a friend of Mr. Beresford, by endeavouring, to the extent of my limited ability, to promote the welfare of his child."

"Do not mistake me, Beresford," returned his visitor, after a graceful bend of acknowledgment to his wife—"do not mistake me: I am not come to solicit a continuance or extension of those pecuniary obligations you formerly compelled me to accept—no, though my outward appearance is no longer perhaps exactly what it was, when, arm-in-arm, we perambulated from Carfax to Magdalen Bridge, or when, on a still later occasion, we met in company with Mr. Lockit's myrmidons,

myrmidons, my circumstances are nevertheless not inferior to what they were even in the best of those my juvenile days. Assistance of this kind is not the object of my visit; what it is I will explain; in the mean time, can you conveniently accommodate this young traveller and myself with an apartment for the night? or shall I return to the inn?"

"Not on any account, my dear Baldwin. I am half inclined to quarrel with you for the question. That your circumstances are flourishing, I, for your own sake, most sincerely rejoice to hear: but be they what they may, I trust you are convinced that the state of your finances could neither add to, nor diminish, the pleasure arising in my mind at this our meeting after so long an absence."

"Enough, Francis; I believe you; indeed, had I entertained a doubt upon the subject, you would not have seen me here. So now to business."

"Not to-night—positively not to-night; you

you yourself must be fatigued with your journey, and my young friend's eyes exhibit sufficient symptoms of the weariness he feels. No, no, my friend; one comfortable bottle of claret to "auld lang syne," and a good bed to-night, and to-morrow you shall prose as long as you please."

The cordiality of his reception pleased and even affected Baldwin; the friendly warmth of Beresford filled him with emotions of the sincerest regard and gratitude, while the motherly attentions of his wife to the comforts of the young Charles, at once made their way to the heart of the father. Mary, too, whose shyness of the stranger had, from her being unnoticed by him, considerably decreased, now ventured to quit the corner in which she had been occupied in the important business of her doll's toilet previous to putting her to bed, and sidling up to her mother's knee, seemed equally well disposed to cultivate the acquaintance of the junior gen-

tleman,

tleman, in spite of the lodgment he had effected in mamma's lap—a post which she generally considered as peculiarly her own, and was wont in general to resent its occupancy by an alien with great vehemence, as a high breach of her prerogative. The evening, commenced under such auspices, passed away swiftly and cheerfully; and the party remained, almost insensible of the lapse of time, till the watchman, in his nightly round, announcing a very late (or, more properly speaking, a very early) hour, reminded them that their usual time of retiring for the night had long since passed, and dismissed them unwillingly to their beds.

The following morning, after a breakfast which was but sparingly partaken of by Baldwin, Mr. Beresford led the way to a small room, fitted up as a study, and considered as more peculiarly his own. Here, in the privacy of this retreat, his friend unbosomed himself fully, and, in a narrative as concise as the circumstances

he

he had to unfold would admit of, detailed the various events which had occurred to him since their separation.

CHAPTER IX.

Dura sed amovere loco me tempora grato. HORACE.

. . . .

"To foreign climes reluctantly I rove,
Self-doom'd, self-banish'd from the land I love."

. . . .

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due,
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. SHENSTONE.

THE substance of Baldwin's account was this.—The first emotions of his heart on his embarkation were those of joy, unmixed with any regrets for the scenes he was leaving behind him. Indeed the immediately-preceding period of his life, with the exception of the last six weeks, passed in the society of his benefactor and his friend, had been so irksome to him, from the precarious mode in which he subsisted, and

and the perpetual recurrence of insults from his creditors—insults which he dared not resent, and could not avoid—that existence itself had almost become a burthen to him, and, but for the providential interference of Francis, a pistol would have, in all probability, released him from the troubles of this world, at the risk of encountering the unknown sufferings of another—I say risk, as this was a point on which the opinions of Baldwin were by no means made up. In point of fact, neither he nor his friend Beresford had bestowed much consideration on religious subjects; nor had the divine truths ever been very strongly inculcated upon their minds, either in childhood or in their maturer years. They had indeed, while at school, like many other boys of the same age, regularly marched in procession to their parish church on every Sabbath, and while there, as regularly speculated on the probable length of the sermon, and the time which must in consequence elapse before its conclusion

clusion dismissed them, to avail themselves of the weekly invitation of some neighbouring relative or friend.

On their removal to the university, they had certainly declared their assent to the articles of the church of England, and fastidious indeed must they have been, to have denied what, in all probability, neither of them had ever perused. They had heard that there were nine-and-thirty of them; and as for all the rest, they thought (if indeed they thought at all upon the matter) it to be much the best, as it was certainly the easiest way, to rely on the judgment of so many wise men, who had supported the orthodoxy of them, and take their excellence and verity upon trust. By the college regulations they were obliged to attend chapel twice a-day, but the lengthened peal sounded very harshly, when called from their beds by its summons on a cold frosty morning, or dragged reluctantly by its sounds from the social enjoyments of a friend and bottle; and often were they

they inclined to address it in all the vindictive tones of the bard of Snowdon—

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless bell!
> Confusion on thy clapper wait," &c.

Called thus unwillingly to the sacred fane, it cannot be supposed that their devotion was very ardent, or that a newspaper, or a novel, should not sometimes fill up those moments which ought to have been dedicated to a far different and a better purpose. The place religion should have occupied in their breasts, was but too inadequately supplied by what it is usual to call honour; and of this vague and undefined quality, they doubtless both possessed their proper share, and it doubtless had the effect of restraining them from all vices that were neither fashionable nor gentlemanly It was not till the day of temptation arrived, that the hollowness of its support was proved, and that the want of that firm principle of love and obedience to the Divine Author of their being betrayed them

both.

both, under different circumstances, to a dereliction of their duty. But to return from this digression.

It was not till the white shores of England were sinking gradually beneath the intervening waves, that the voluntary exile felt the real loneliness of his situation. He was solitary in a crowd, and began to feel but too painfully, that amidst all the bustle and activity which was going on around him, as he paced the deck, that he had not one single thought or feeling in common with the busy, yet jovial race by whom he was surrounded. His ideas underwent a rapid change from those which possessed him on his first coming on board; nature, and that love of our native land, so congenial to the mind of man, resumed their empire in his heart, and he watched the chalky summits of the cliffs, now lessening in the distance, their white heads still glittering in the unclouded radiance of a setting sun, and sighed to think how long a period must elapse before they would meet

his

his view again. He remained on the poop till the shades of evening hid them from his eye, then slowly sought the contemplative retirement of his cabin.

Many days had elapsed before Baldwin began to feel himself at home with his fellow-passengers. Of these there were several, as various in their manners, features, and dispositions, as in their rank and destination. Among those possessed of the most polish, and to whose society he most addicted himself, were a lieutenant Parsons, and his sisters, two showy-looking girls, going out on a matrimonial speculation, and the honourable Edward and Mrs. Belton. These latter passengers (who, by-the-bye, in point of etiquette, ought to have been mentioned first) were by far the persons of most consequence on board the Asia. Mr. Belton was high in office, a member of the council, and one of the most opulent men in Calcutta; easy, good-natured, and luxurious. Those habits of indolence, so frequently found in persons

persons usually resident in a hot climate, prevented his associating much with his *compagnons du voyage;* but the gentlemanly manners of Baldwin, backed by the personal introduction of Mr. Waters, who, at the request of Mr. Beresford, had kindly undertaken to perform that ceremony for him, as soon as it was understood that they were to sail in the same vessel, ensured him a most gracious reception; nor were his attentions at all disagreeable to the lady—a lively little woman, with a pretty face, and rather affected manners, who seemed to have no objection to accepting his arm, as an occasional substitute for that of her less active husband, in their daily perambulations of the quarter-deck.

In the lieutenant, who was in the Company's service, there was nothing remarkable; he looked the gentleman and the soldier, appeared to have seen service, and was evidently in a delicate state of health. His eldest sister, Miss Elizabeth, was a sprightly romp, with some little tenden-

 cy

cy to satire in her composition; while the younger, Miss Phœbe, having heard at her boarding-school (from which, however, she had been above two years emancipated), that nothing was so disgusting to the gentlemen as masculine manners and blue-stocking literature, was all softness and simplicity, elegant timidity, and interesting ignorance; she shrieked whenever the vessel fired a salute, asked what every thing "*was for*," and entertained a most insuperable antipathy to the smell of tar.

In such company, and in devoting part of his leisure time to the acquirement of certain branches of knowledge, useful, not to say indispensable, to the situation he was about to fill, Baldwin passed his time not unpleasantly till they arrived at the Cape. In his studies, too, he was much assisted by Mr. Belton, who, though an idle, was neither a weak nor an uninformed man, and who seemed to take great interest in his pursuits. This, indeed, he evinced by voluntarily promising, long before

before they arrived at the termination of their voyage, to exert his powerful interest in his behalf, on the first opportunity that should occur. The only thing that annoyed him, was a violent passion that Miss Phœbe Parsons thought proper to cherish for him, and which originated in his one day praising the effect of some coquelicot ribbons in which she had arrayed herself, and which at once opened her eyes to the discovery that he must certainly be passionately enamoured of her charms.

This young lady had a great knack of falling in love, and was seldom without a *penchant* for somebody or other—nay, she had that very morning nearly completed an "Ode to Absence;" for poetry was not among her interdicted studies, but formed indeed one of the accomplishments upon which she most piqued herself. In this elegant composition, she had been most feelingly lamenting her separation from a young attorney's clerk, to whom she had never spoken but once at a country assem-

 bly,

bly, and whom she designated in her verses as the "Lovely Philander" (his name was Figgins); but this new *tendresse* at once put all memory of her former affection out of her head; the ode was never finished, and poor Philander gave place in a moment to the charming "Strephon," to whom, after once again perusing a volume of Moore, she succeeded in addressing a sonnet, in which there was quite as fair a proportion of eyes and sighs, roses and posies, blisses and kisses, as is usually found in any of that very susceptible gentleman's amatory effusions. All her *agrémens* were, however, in this instance, unavailing; and on their arrival at Calcutta, after writing three lines of an "Elegy to Despair," she consoled herself by marrying one of the mates of the Indiaman, who won her heart by holding a bottle of lavender-water to her nose, as she nearly fainted on the "dear insensible's" going down the ship's side, without having ventured to declare his passion and claim her hand.

From

From the situation in which Baldwin was placed on his arrival in India, it was impossible but that, with a moderate share of attention and prudence, he must, in a few years, realize a considerable sum of money. This he knew; and the eager desire he felt of once more returning to his native country in the enjoyment of a handsome competency, spurred him on to the utmost exertion of his abilities. Belton, at whose house he was a constant and a welcome guest, was as good as his word in putting many lucrative opportunities in his way; and this inordinate desire, for such it now became, of raising a fortune to spend in England, induced him to practise a degree of frugality in his expences, which, in that land of luxury and extravagance, was considered as amounting to absolute parsimony.

Extremes, we are told, often beget extremes. This thirst for amassing grew upon him as his property increased, and at length became his ruling passion—such

and so changeable is the human heart! Those gay companions, who a few years before had witnessed his lavish expenditure, and the heedless profusion with which he scattered money, as though it were but dross, would have been at a loss to have recognised their prodigal and dissipated friend, in the careful, close-fisted, and penurious man of business. He had felt the inconvenience attending the want of the precious metals—he had since laboured hard to obtain and secure them, and their value seemed to be proportionably increased in his eyes—"The miser's passion seized upon his heart, and money, which he held as dirt, became his deity."

Several years had now elapsed since his residence in Hindostan, when his great friend and patron, Mr. Belton, died of a lock-jaw, brought on by an accidental and apparently-trifling wound in one of his hands. Some time before, he had been fortunate enough to render that gentleman an important piece of service, by shooting

a tiger,

a tiger, who, in one of their excursions into the interior, had effected a lodgment on the hind-quarters of the elephant which carried him, and was in the very act of attacking the howdah in which he was. The natural consequence of this act had been an increased degree of intimacy between the parties; and now, at his decease, Baldwin found himself left one of the executors to his will, with a handsome legacy to himself. The wealth thus left behind, the whole of which, with the exception of a few bequests (his own among the number), devolved to his widow, was very considerable.

Gold is a great corrupter, and the honourable principles of Baldwin had, by this time, so far yielded to the "*auri sacra fames,*" as to induce first the wish, and afterwards the endeavour, to appropriate it to himself. To execute this, there was but one way: if he meant to obtain the property at all, he must take it encumbered with the *live stock,* as it stood;

 and

and he now, therefore, began to lay close siege to Mrs. Belton, who, still under forty, and of a temper not at all likely to remain long inconsolable for the loss of a husband whose habits were much too inert to be adapted to a lady of her mercurial disposition, was by no means calculated to resist for any length of time the assaults of so able an engineer as the one who now attacked her. Having gradually reduced the outworks, he summoned the citadel in form, and a most propitious answer left him in no doubt as to the ultimate capitulation and surrender of the fortress upon honourable terms. Accordingly, as soon as decency would permit, Baldwin received the hand of the fair widow, and found himself master of the riches he had so much coveted. One of the principal stipulations on the part of the lady in the articles of capitulation had been, their return to England, as soon as it could be done without detriment to their affairs. Her late husband's concerns had been of

so extensive a nature, as to preclude the possibility of immediate arrangement without considerable loss; eager, therefore, as she was to sail for Europe, the new-married lady was obliged to yield to the representations of her lord, and consent to defer that earnestly-desired measure for a time.

Baldwin, however, was by no means so anxious to fulfil this part of the contract; he was still making money very fast, and although now rich beyond his utmost expectations, the more he obtained, the more he hankered after; and influenced by these motives, he contrived to procrastinate the time originally fixed for their departure, on various pretences, something more than three years; during which period, Mrs. Baldwin presented him with a son and heir.

Of all the events which could have happened, this was perhaps the one most desired and least expected by the delighted father; and in the ebullition of his joy, he

 actually

actually gave an entertainment on the occasion, which might almost have been called liberal; and, in the fulness of his heart, resolved now to wind up his accounts in earnest, and return to the country he had so long forsaken, jealous lest the enervating climate of the east should deprive him of the boy on whom the fondest affections of his heart were fixed; nevertheless, in finally adjusting the concerns of so large an establishment, many circumstances concurred to delay the purposed measure, and young Charles was nearly four years old before he, together with his parents, bade a final adieu to the sacred banks of the Ganges.

Their voyage was unusually rough and tempestuous, while the unpleasantness of their situation was increased by the appearance of an epidemic disorder, which broke out among the crew, and filled every one on board with the fear of falling a prey to its devastating influence. Mrs. Baldwin, whose inherent dread of the sea nothing

nothing but the strong desire she felt of revisiting her native country could have surmounted, was at all times a bad sailor; but on the present occasion, indisposition, real and affected, confined her to her cabin during the greatest part of their journey, by which means, in all probability, she escaped the contagion on board for a time—nay, they had actually landed, and arrived in apparent safety at an hotel in London, when Baldwin, for the first time, fancied he perceived in his wife symptoms of the dangerous malady they had flattered themselves with having escaped. A very short time confirmed his suspicions; and, in spite of the best advice which the metropolis could afford, Mrs. Baldwin sunk under the violence of the disorder; and the land in which she had hoped to spend many happy years of joy and pleasure, became only the melancholy receptacle of her lifeless body.

Baldwin himself experienced a very severe attack of the same complaint; but the

strength of his constitution, and the excellent treatment of his medical advisers, carried him through the illness which proved fatal to his lady, excessive grief for whoss loss by no means retarded his recovery.

The first thing he did after his arrival in England was to endeavour to find out his old friend Beresford, with whom his correspondence had gradually dropped till it had finally ceased, some time previous to his marriage with Mrs. Belton. Great was his chagrin and disappointment at finding that the person he was in quest of had left Abchurch-lane, and even London itself, some years: he experienced, however, no difficulty in obtaining his address, and had purposed setting off to beat up his quarters in the country, when the unexpected illness, and subsequent death of his wife, together with his own deranged state of health, obliged him to postpone his design till another opportunity. No sooner, however, was his strength sufficiently

sufficiently re-established than he determined on putting his original intention into execution, and, as we have before seen, arrived at Appleton with his young companion on the evening, and in the manner, described. . . .

In taking this journey he had more objects in view than one: in the first place, he wished for the advice and assistance of his old friend, whose probity and talents for business he was well assured of, in vesting the amount of his large capital to the greatest advantage: secondly, it being his resolution, from motives of a penurious economy, to fix his residence at some distance from the metropolis, he was not without a vague idea of looking out for some cottage in the neighbourhood; and provided he found Beresford as little changed in disposition as he had reason, from his well-tried friendship, to expect, to take up his abode where he might have the pleasure and benefit of his society: lastly, he could not help feeling that

that his late illness had given a severe blow to his constitution, and that should his bodily strength fail to support him, which, in case of a renewal of the attack, was a circumstance but too much to be apprehended, that darling child, for whom he was now so anxious to accumulate wealth, already too large for the mere purposes of comfort and respectability, would stand in need of some guardian and protecting friend, whose kind offices might be directed at once to the guidance of his youth, and the security of the property to which he would succeed.

Such a friend he looked up to in Beresford, and on the morning above-mentioned, after an account of his adventures, delivered somewhat less in detail than that now submitted to the reader, candidly avowed his wishes on the subject. His plans met with no opposition from his attentive auditor, whose assurances of contributing, as far as lay in his power, to their realization, were ample and satisfactory;

tory; and not unnecessarily to protract our history, a few days saw him finally settled in a small tenement belonging to his friend, which, together with some other property in the vicinity, had fallen to him some time before, in right of his wife on the decease of her mother.

Here, with the young Charles for his companion, and Andrew Robinson for his *maître d'hôtel*, he passed his time in privacy, calculating the amount of his savings, and increasing them daily by the parsimonious mode of living he had entered upon. Beresford, indeed, for some time, endeavoured by reasoning and remonstrances to prevail upon him to adopt a more liberal style of housekeeping, and to afford himself the comforts at least, if not the luxuries, of life. He also represented to him, in forcible terms, the injury he was doing his son, by confining him to a situation in which improvement was impossible, and depriving him of the benefits of education—an injury no money he might bequeath could

ever

ever make him amends for. On this latter subject he at length became amenable to reason; the consequence of which was, that after many struggles, Charles was, with much reluctance, consigned to the care of doctor Lemesurier, where all his wants and wishes were supplied, not only with liberality, but profusion. On the other score he was inexorable, nor could any arguments avail to induce a change in his mode of living; and as Beresford now seldom saw him without renewing his attempts to effect a change in his determination, the repetition became disgusting, and even his visits irksome. A coolness, in all probability, might have ensued, had not an occurrence taken place which at once diverted the thoughts of his unwelcome monitor into another channel, and saved him from farther persecution.

Mrs. Beresford had one day accompanied her husband in a ramble as far as the cottage of Baldwin; the day was sultry, the walk long and fatiguing, when Beresford

ford having stept out for a few minutes with his tenant, to look at a part of the cottage which stood in need of some trifling repairs, she complained of extreme thirst, and requested Robinson to procure her something to allay it: of course, honest Andrew had nothing in the house but water to offer, which, not without some sly allusion to his master's temperance, he ventured to tender. Unfortunately she was impelled to accept it, and imprudently drank a large draught. The consequences, as might have been foreseen, were alarming and immediate; she was with difficulty conveyed to her own home, and a sudden and violent illness, which succeeded in a few days, terminated in her death.

This event, as deplorable as unexpected, was felt most acutely, as well by the widower as his daughter. The latter soon saw the necessity of struggling against the natural vehemence of her own grief, in order to support her father, and counteract

act the deep feeling of despondency into which he was plunged by so irreparable a loss. There were other circumstances too which tended not a little to increase the gloom which now overshadowed the mind of Beresford; his pecuniary affairs had for some time past assumed an aspect far less flattering than formerly. Very considerable losses in trade had unavoidably accrued to the firm with which he was still connected; and as the only chance of preserving its credit, and recovering that part of his capital which, in case of its failure, would have been sunk for ever, he was induced to raise a considerable sum by mortgaging his remaining property, and throwing it into the scale. Young Harrington, now become, through the assistance of his brother-in-law, one of the principals in the concern, was of an enterprising and speculating disposition, and by the plausibility of his arguments, and the speciousness of his statements, had frequently prevailed upon Beresford, whose fondness

fondness for his daughter made him over-anxious to secure her a brilliant establishment in life, to join in many of his schemes, and to advance more money towards their furtherance than either prudence would warrant, or indeed his own ability could supply. He was, in consequence, indebted in large sums to Baldwin, who, besides the mortgage already mentioned, also possessed bonds and personal securities of his to a large amount. The latter had, even at his friend's instigation, been persuaded to invest some of his own accumulated wealth in the same commercial speculations. The unfavourable state in which certain of these arrangements appeared at the precise period of his wife's death, and the harassing thought, that by his inconsiderate endeavours to assure affluence to his daughter, he might eventually occasion the reducing her to absolute poverty, combined to throw a deeper dejection upon his spirits, at the same time that he was roused to more than usual exertion, in order,

if possible, to counteract and prevent so severe a calamity, the probability of which he carefully concealed from Baldwin. With this view he took Mary up to London with him, and once more occupied himself in examining into, and attempting to arrange, the embarrassments of the house. In these endeavours he was far from unsuccessful, and a favourable fluctuation in the foreign markets, after a time, once more placed matters in a less sombre point of view. The beneficial effects of this change were soon visible: by being forced into action he had no time to brood over his domestic sorrows, which the tender attentions of his darling child contributed so much to sooth, while returning prosperity restored peace and tranquillity to his bosom. An evil escaped is always considered as a good, and there is little doubt but his sensations at this favourable turn in his affairs were of a more pleasurable nature than if his prosperity had never been endangered.

Time

Time rolled on, and the youthful graces of Mary were fast improving into maturity, when the horizon again became clouded. The posture of affairs abroad was changed, and in addition to this misfortune, two homeward-bound merchantmen, in which his partners and himself were most materially interested—the one was taken by the enemy, and the other suffered shipwreck, during a violent storm in the chops of the Channel, and all on board perished, together with the cargo.

This heavy news fell with a cold chill upon the heart of Beresford; but how was his distress aggravated, when the next post brought him an account of James Harrington, the man whom he had trusted, whose benefactor he had been, the brother of his sainted wife, had immediately, on receiving the disastrous intelligence, collected together what assets he could, and taking advantage of an American vessel on the point of sailing, was crossing the Atlantic with his spoils, leaving his deluded

deluded connexions to lament their misplaced confidence in his integrity.

It was in these agonizing moments, when hope and fortitude had together forsaken him, that the sudden and extraordinary death of Baldwin was communicated to the despairing Beresford. That gentleman had been in London at the time, on one of his customary visits to the young Charles, to whose progress and comforts he was most anxiously attentive, when rumours to the same effect with what has been related reached his ears; farther inquiry served but to confirm their truth, and braving all the rigours of a bleak and stormy night in November, he had instantly set off on his return, to Appleton. What his intentions might have been, or how he would have acted towards the despoiled Beresford, who had placed him in a situation to amass that wealth, a part of which was thus wrested from him, remains unknown to all but him that seeth in secret; but the violence of his passions,

which,

which, in all human probability, combined with the severity of the season to produce a death so swift and unexpected, appeared to augur but ill for his debtor and unfortunate fellow-sufferer.

Immediately on receiving the news, Beresford mounted his horse, and, as we have before related, proceeded, with all possible dispatch, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the report. Perhaps at first his purpose was not defined or clearly understood even by himself, nor, in all probability, did a single idea of the line of conduct he was afterwards induced to pursue, enter his imagination. But Baldwin, he knew, was his only creditor; large sums advanced by him, exclusive of those which were vested in the concern that had so lately failed, had been consigned to Beresford's care, for the purposes of accumulation, and had by him been placed out at interest on various securities to an immense amount, the documents belonging to which had afterwards been delivered to

his

his principal, and by him, as he knew, carefully deposited in his iron chest. The immediate resumption of the money lent to himself personally, as soon as the bankruptcy of the house in Abchurch-lane should become known, and the consequent sequestration of his landed property so deeply mortgaged, as well as the enforcement of his other securities, had before presented itself to his mind in the first moments of his receiving the distressing account. Now, however, a vague feeling of escape, such as a person under sentence of death may be supposed to entertain, when a temporary respite is announced just as the executioner is preparing to perform his fatal office, without perhaps any expectation of ultimately obtaining a reprieve—a consciousness that his ruin was delayed, though not averted, afforded a gleam of melancholy pleasure to his heart; nor was it till the bunch of keys, containing, among others, the well-known passport to the iron chest, was produced from the

pockets

pockets of the deceased, that the arch enemy of mankind whispered in his ear the possibility of altogether avoiding the ruin that menaced, and had so nearly overtaken him. A burning blush suffused his countenance, as the base suggestion was a for moment dismissed with the indignation it deserved. But the innkeeper left the room to procure materials for sealing up the property, and the tempter returned to the attack. He represented to him, in glowing terms, the utter destruction of his own affairs on the one side, the comparatively-small sacrifice on the other; that the cancelling his debt, large as it was, would scarcely be felt by the youthful heir, while it would preserve himself, and more than all, his beloved Mary, from beggary. Restitution, too, he plausibly insinuated, would be always in his power, and during the long minority of the young man, a thousand ways might be found of restoring what he was resolved to consider only as a loan, without discovery or disgrace.

grace. The struggle was short, but terrible. The barriers erected by worldly honour, wanting the solid foundation of religious principle, tottered to their base, sufficient perhaps to have resisted an ordinary temptation—on so rude and powerful an assault they betrayed their weakness. The step of Dowles sounded on the threshold, the door yielded to his hand, deliberation was no more, the fatal keys found a resting-place in the agitated bosom of Beresford, and with the action, peace of mind forsook his breast for ever. The deed, once resolved on, was easily put in execution; no great dexterity was necessary for the unhappy perpetrator to elude the vigilance of Dowles, or to replace the instruments of his guilt on the morning of the inquest, especially as he himself removed the seals from the door on opening it, to produce the articles found on the person of the deceased, when, without observation, he contrived to place the keys on the table, as if just taken from the closet. In the in-

terval he had made use of the absence of Robinson, whom he, with much policy, dispatched for the attorney, to enter the bedroom of his late friend, and examine the contents of his chest. His first intention had been to remove nothing but the securities for his own debt; but who, when he gives the reins to vice, can say, "hither will I go, and no farther?" Bills, bonds, and securities, to a vast amount, lay before him, and courted his acceptance: detection was impossible, the bounds of innocence had been overleaped, and the high-minded Beresford became a robber and a defrauder of the orphan's rights. Removing all but the comparatively-insignificant sum, afterwards found in the chest, and the diamonds belonging to the late Mrs. Baldwin, which, as well as her picture, were enclosed in that receptacle, the guilty spoiler hastened to secrete his booty, which was too bulky for him to carry off at once without discovery, in a remote corner of the garden, where he bu-

ried it, and regained the house some time before the arrival of Andrew with Bagshaw, whom, as before stated, he afterwards accompanied on their first unavailing visit to the bedroom door of the deceased, which he had, of course, taken care to relock and secure, as he had found it. The remainder of this nefarious transaction was executed as secretly and as successfully as he could wish. By degrees he succeeded in transporting the hidden fruits of his delinquency to his own habitation. He had experienced some alarm at finding, from Bagshaw, that a will was deposited in his hands, fearing lest some particulars relating to the property might be mentioned in it inconsistent with the present appearances; but from this dread he was soon relieved, by finding it indeed couched in the general terms described by the man of law, and set detection at defiance; nevertheless, not wishing to leave the slightest grounds for suspicion, he contented himself with destroying the vouchers of his

own

own debt, and delayed bringing forward the wealth he had secured, till the death of a distant relation in Ireland, who had left him a small legacy, enabled him to take advantage of that circumstance, and, by countenancing an exaggerated report of the amount, set on foot by himself, to emerge at once from mediocrity to affluence.

With such skill and address was the whole scheme matured and managed, that no human being entertained any suspicion of the truth. One person alone was conscious of the deed, and by his incessant reproaches, failed not severely to avenge the turpitude of the action. This person was himself. By night or day, sleeping or waking, the still small voice of an accusing conscience ceased not to upbraid him with his delinquency; and from the fatal moment in which, yielding to the tyranny of circumstances, he forsook the onward path of probity, Beresford was never known to smile. He became a silent, re-

served, and melancholy man. The beautiful domain he had purchased, and the splendour with which he was surrounded, gave him no pleasure; and even the smiles and caresses of his darling Mary were no longer able to chase the clouds of care from his aching brow. Nay, the very spectacle of her unreflecting gaiety was at times productive of the keenest pain to him, when he recollected at what price that gaiety was purchased. One thought, and one alone, reconciled him to life, and brought some degree of comfort to his mind — it was the hope of seeing the wronged orphan of his friend the husband of his daughter, and of thus eventually restoring to him the possessions which indeed were his. To this idea he clung with the fondest tenacity; could he but bring this favourite project to bear, the restless monitor within him would be appeased, and that, having secured the happiness of her whose welfare was so dear to him, and at the same time atoned, as far

as

as restitution could atone for his misdeed, that he should go down to the grave in peace.

How this, his cherished purpose, was rendered abortive by the hasty and surreptitious marriage of Mary with Trevanion, we have already seen, as well as the effect produced upon her father by that inconsiderate step. All those terrific upbraidings which the plan he had chalked out had assuaged, if not entirely silenced, broke out afresh, and even threatened to impair his reason. Nor were his sensations less acute on beholding the ravages his daughter's desertion had made on the health and spirits of Baldwin, whose soothing attentions to himself cut him to the heart, when he reflected how little they were deserved. His firm resolution was, as we have seen, to discard the fugitive for ever, and, by making the injured Charles his heir, to reinstate him in the possession of that property of which he

had been so unjustly and fraudulently deprived.

By the entreaties and perseverance of Charles, he was so far induced to recede from this determination, as to extend his forgiveness to the young couple, but was, nevertheless, fully resolved to carry the remainder of his purpose into execution, as the only means by which he could now make a compromise with his conscience.

The agitation of his mind in some degree affected his intellect; a thousand various plans, each more extravagant than the last, presented themselves to his imagination; at length he decided upon one, which he, in consequence, took immediate measures to execute.

With this view, early on the fatal morning which witnessed the death of poor Trevanion, he took an opportunity, unobserved by the rest, to request a private interview with the latter in the pavilion, with the desperate intention of disclosing the

the whole proceeding to him in confidence, and extorting his consent to the sacrifice of all the wealth so wrongfully acquired, contenting himself with the small remains of property which Beresford could with justice call his own, or, if he should refuse to accede to this proposition, of terminating his existence in his presence.

Fully possessed with this horrible determination, the unhappy Beresford unlocked his escrutoire, and placing in his bosom a brace of pistols, which, in his hurry, he had taken, together with the deeds and other papers, from the iron chest, and which bore engraved on their silver mounting the name of their late proprietor, he repaired to the appointed spot, strangely nourishing a gloomy, yet satisfactory feeling that, in case his overture should be rejected, a part of the fruits of his plunder should avenge the deed, and become the instrument of his punishment and destruction.

His was the footstep that alarmed Bald-

win, at the conclusion of his last conference with Trevanion, who, true to his appointment, had preceded his father-in-law to the spot he was destined never more to quit with life. Scarcely had Charles made good his retreat, when Beresford entered, and proceeded to unfold his purpose.

To paint the astonishment of his auditor, at a tale so totally unexpected, and so revolting to his well-regulated mind, would be impossible. For a while he stood as it were stunned with the communication, then recovering himself by degrees, conveyed to the self-accused and agitated culprit the welcome assurance that he might speak peace to his soul; for never would he stoop to avail himself of money obtained by means so foul and so disgraceful; at the same time conjuring Beresford, as he valued his own peace of mind and happiness, both here and hereafter, to lose no time in confessing his fault to the injured party, and making ample

ample restitution immediately, though beggary itself should be the consequence.

"Sooner," cried Trevanion, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "sooner would I wander barefoot through the world, and beg a wretched pittance from the hand of casual charity, than thus load myself with wealth, to which a curse must attach; nor can I consent to call that man father, who, while he pretends to loath the crime, retains the fruits of it, and possessing a barren repentance, denies the only reparation in his power. Baldwin must be informed, and that immediately."

"Never, never while I live," replied the agonized Beresford, with a look of frenzy, "never could I meet the terrors of his eye—its glance would annihilate me, and then to be gazed and pointed at, held up a mark for infamy and scorn to exhaust their envenomed spite upon! my fair fame blasted, to be branded with the vile name of *thief*, the *robber of the dead*, the spoiler of the helpless orphan! No, never, while

this distracted heart heaves with the pulse of life, shall the guilty secret pass my lips!"

"Oh, sir, retract your rash resolution, I implore you; allow me, in your name, to communicate the sad story to the injured party! In Baldwin you will find a placable and pitying judge, and a commiserating friend."

"How, sir—would you then betray me?" cried Beresford, whose feelings were now worked up to actual insanity; "but no, I despise your malice—and this way, at least, I can escape it."

He drew the fatal weapon from his vest, and elevating the muzzle to his mouth, would have executed his frantic purpose, but for the prompt interference of Trevanion, who, dashing aside the table that was between them, seized his wrist, and endeavoured to wrench the pistol from his grasp. Firm to his purpose, Beresford resisted with all his strength. In the struggle which ensued, just as Trevanion had

had mastered his arm, a finger touched the trigger, the instrument exploded, and Trevanion, the just, the generous Trevanion, was no more.

For some moments Beresford stood rooted to the earth, his eyes fixed upon the dead body which lay weltering at his feet; then uttering a long discordant laugh, he shrieked—"A murderer too!—this is most excellent!" and hurling through the open window the pistol his hand still grasped, fled, with all the speed of a maniac, from the spot.

Long was it ere the wretched Beresford recovered to a sense of the misery which surrounded him. His evident aberration of mind had been attributed by his friends to the abrupt manner in which the news had been communicated to him of the tragic end of his son-in-law, and through the natural dread lest the acquainting him that Baldwin, to whom every one knew he was so much attached, was suspected

of

of committing the murder, should increase his malady, that circumstance was carefully concealed from his knowledge, and a letter addressed to him by that unfortunate young man, after his committal, was, of course, kept back; nor did he arrive at the truth till after the condemnation of that victim to appearance had taken place, and *then only* by mere chance, two servants, who were watching by his bedside, having entered into conversation on the circumstances and event of the trial, supposing him to be asleep.

Eagerly rousing himself, he insisted on being informed of the whole truth, which, with a degree of caution and circumspection that put his patience to a severe test, was at length communicated.

Instantly springing from his couch, he commanded a horse to be saddled, and in spite of the remonstrances and opposition of the servants, had left the Grange before Jordan, whom they had sent for as

an

an auxiliary, could arrive to detain him, and had taken the road to C——.

On his arrival the judges had already left the town; ordering, therefore, another horse to be saddled (for the panting animal he had ridden was become incapable of carrying him on), he sat down while it was getting ready, and, in a brief and hurried narrative, committed to writing the leading facts of the relation just recounted, and of which we have, for the reader's satisfaction, given a statement more at large.

This task accomplished, he again pursued his journey, and, fortunately for poor Charles, arrived in time to prevent a catastrophe the most lamentable that can well be imagined—the immolation of an innocent man.

No sooner had the judges read the document which had been handed to them, and dispatched a messenger to delay the execution till the truth of the memorial could be ascertained, than they demanded

demanded that the person who had presented it should be conducted to their presence.

In compliance with this order, the attendants proceeded to the room to which he had retired, when the report of a pistol, as they entered the passage leading to it, made them rush forward, in the anticipation of some fatal occurrence.

Their presentiment was but too correct; the ill-fated Beresford had once more raised his hand against his own life, and with a more certain effect. He was lying on the floor, not dead, though a dreadful wound on his breast shewed at once that his minutes were numbered. Medical assistance was procured in vain—he had taken his aim too surely.

He survived long enough to confirm the truth of his written declaration, and to place Baldwin's innocence beyond a doubt, then closed his eyes for ever! Peace to his ashes! and may the derange-

ment.

ment of his faculties plead at the throne of mercy, in extenuation of the dreadful crime that terminated his melancholy career!

CHAPTER X.

Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces,
— — — — — —
Quam nostri illius labatur pectore nomen!

VIRGIL.

"First, borne this sublunary sphere above,
Shall the light deer through fields of æther rove,
And first, deserted by their parent main,
The finny tribe shall graze the verdant plain,
Ere that lov'd name, so firm, so deep imprest,
Shall fade unheeded from this faithful breast."

BALDWIN, on being removed from the place of execution to an apartment within the prison walls, long remained in a state of insensibility, perfectly unconscious of the change that had taken place in his situation; and for some time all around him conceived that death, unwilling to be disappointed of his prey, had secured his victim

victim at the very moment when he was, apparently, about to be rescued from his grasp. The application of the lancet, and the judicious use of restoratives, at length succeeded in awakening him once more to a sense of existence.

As he had been convicted, however erroneously, by a jury of his countrymen, and received sentence in consequence, notwithstanding the manifestation of his innocence which now took place, certain legal forms were necessary before he could be dismissed from confinement. During the continuance of this delay, he met with every attention from the humane master of the prison, as well as from his sincere friends, sir Charles Delaval, and the redoubted Duddle, whose frequent visits helped to beguile the time that intervened between his respite and reprieve. Perhaps it was not altogether unfortunate that this detention spared his feelings the shock of attending the funeral procession of Beresford, the remembrance of whose fault to-

wards

wards himself was completely obliterated from his mind, by the recollection of his numerous acts of kindness, and the sincere affection he had ever evinced for him.

As that unhappy gentleman, for weeks before his melancholy exit, had exhibited but too many proofs of a disordered intellect, the jury hesitated not to return a verdict of lunacy, and to save his mangled remains the disgrace of being interred in uncanonized earth. His body was, in consequence, removed in the most private manner, and deposited in a vault in the parish church of Appleton, by the side of his late wife, the day previous to Baldwin's emancipation.

The impression made upon the mind of the latter, by the late awful events, and the very narrow escape he had had from destruction, was deep and durable; and not all the allurements and gratifications, which the wealth to which he now succeeded placed within his grasp, could efface or banish it from his remembrance.

His

His first and only care, on being released from his dismal abode, was the situation of her who still remained the mistress of his heart. To pour balm upon her wounded spirit, to comfort and console her under the afflicting dispensations of Providence which had befallen her, was the only thing which made riches desirable, or the life itself which had been so miraculously preserved, of any value in his eyes. To sooth her sorrows, and to anticipate, if possible, every wish she might form, was henceforth to be the business and the pleasure of his existence.

But poor Mary was in no state to benefit by this sincere and ardent attachment; the untimely deaths of her husband and her father, brought about, too, in a way so horrible, gave too severe a shock to her gentle nature. A temporary aberration of mind was removed in the hour in which she gave birth to a boy; nor did delirium return; but life too evidently hung but by an attenuated thread, and but for the

new

new and endearing tie which bound her to the world, she would probably have felt little anxiety as to how soon that thread was severed, when her freed spirit, "like a dove, might flee away, and be at rest." But when she gazed upon her infant, all the mother rose in her breast, while one human wish sprang up in her mind, that death would yet a little while withhold the stroke that was to reunite her to its father—a wish she too surely felt could never be fulfilled. Ere her departure, however, she had the sole satisfaction this world could now afford, that of placing her beloved child in the arms of the dejected Baldwin, and consigning its future welfare to his care. She saw his trembling hands receive and press the sacred deposit, smiling in unconscious innocence, to his breast—she heard his voice, in faltering accents, solemnly devote himself to the protection of his precious charge, and, with a smile of heavenly serenity, resigned her pure and gentle spirit into the hands

of

of Him who gave it. Her last look fell benignly on Baldwin, as he clasped her infant to his heart: he never forgot it.

Of the remaining characters who have played their parts in this eventful history, but little remains to be said. The fair Letitia, after a few short tantalizing weeks of coy delay, made happy her adoring Duddle. The bride, habited in the usual costume of white satin and Mechlin lace, was given away by sir Charles Delaval; while the buff pantaloons and well-padded swallow-tailed coat, which pinched the enraptured bridegroom into the appearance of an overgrown wasp, formed an admirable contrast to the snuff-coloured habiliments, shining stock-buckle, and square-toed shoes of "uncle Barnaby," who came down from London upon the occasion. Immediately after the ceremony, which was performed by doctor Drybone, the happy pair, in a chaise-and-four, with post-boys in red jackets and white favours, set off for D——, on their way to Brussels,

where

where it was their intention to spend the honeymoon; and Duddle once more revisited the scenes of his former pilgrimage: "*sed quantum mutatus ab illo!*" no terrific spectre, with leaden eye and chalky complexion, forsaking the cold mansions of the tomb, now seated itself in grim array by his side—no visionary day-dreams, in which halters, gibbets, and all the awful paraphernalia of Mr. Ketch, swam before his eyes, now haunted his diseased imagination; but a fond, blushing, smirking, simpering spouse now filled the space once so alarmingly occupied, and all his thoughts were peace, and harmony, and love. At their return, they hired the Grange of Baldwin, who, unable to endure that the walks and scenery in which his buried love had once taken so much delight should become the property of a stranger, and equally unwilling to reside on a spot where every object would bring to his mind the most sad and mournful associations, refused to part with the estate,

but

but at the same time declined its occupation, where, in due time, their smiling loves were crowned with a reasonable proportion of little Duddles.

Bagshaw, who never forgave his old opponent the memorable defeat he had sustained in their controversy concerning diabolic agency, soon had an opportunity of seeing the laugh effectually turned against that learned disciple of Hippocrates, who, being one morning surprised by an awkward booby of a servant in the act of examining an incipient white swelling on the knee of the accomplished Miss Drybone, became a mark for Calumny "to point her slow and moving finger at;" and many a keen joke and sarcastic inuendo upon his mode of practice was the unlucky phlebotomizer compelled to endure, till, in a happy hour, the lady finding perhaps her reputation a little singed, and having moreover great faith in the efficacy of her admirer's prescrip-

 tions,

tions, by consenting to become Mrs. Jordan, stopped the mouths of all irreverent scoffers.

Poor doctor Drybone is no more: he did not long survive his sister's marriage: his constitution had received a severe shock, by his having incautiously swallowed the fœtus of a lizard preserved in spirits, and sent to him as a present for his museum, which being placed *pro tempore* in a closet without a window, was unfortunately mistaken by him, in the dark, for a bottle of cherry-brandy. But the more immediate cause of his dissolution was the loss of a most interesting rubber, which, after the chances were reduced to a certainty in his favour, was finally decided against him, through his unfortunately making a revoke, at the very moment of complete success; with four honours in his own hand. The effect was fatal; he reached his own house with difficulty, and expired, in a few days, of a broken

broken heart—"Those three tricks" being the only words which could be distinguished in his last farewell.

Ensign Gruby is returned from his travels, and, much to the satisfaction of his mamma, has gained promotion in the *loco*. The first meeting between him and Duddle (who was delighted to find that, instead of a peregrination to

> "That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns,"

he had merely been indulging himself with a little trip to the Netherlands) was a little awkward to both parties; their mutual embarrassment, however, soon disappeared, and their shyness of each other at length gave way to an acquaintance which promises fair to ripen into intimacy; all recollection of their "affair" being consigned to oblivion by a sort of reciprocal, though tacit, compact—"The Hotspur and the Douglas both together." He is still a bachelor, but is not without hope of exchanging the joyless state of

 celibacy

celibacy for the rosy fetters of Hymen, being engaged in the ardent pursuit of a young lady of some property in the neighbourhood. His charmer, it is true, has, as yet, given little token of surrender; but he is determined to persevere, well knowing, as a military man, that "Troy was not taken in a day:" and in this resolution he is warmly encouraged by his mother, who tells him, that "there are plenty of turning, and vinding, and merry-andrewing vays, by which a young man may creep into the good graces of a young voman, and it is wery hard indeed if a *hofficer* like him can't *insinivate* himself somehow or other."

On the bold and craggy cliffs which overhang the romantic little fishing-town of S——, a melancholy-looking man, dressed in the deepest mourning, is often seen wandering on a summer's eve, and gazing with an eye of vacancy upon the surge which murmurs on the beach below. His air is abstracted, his cheek pale, and his

his form attenuated and worn. He never addresses any one, but fails not to return the friendly salutation of the passenger with courtesy and kindness. A remarkably-fine boy, bounding in all the elastic vigour of youth and health, but clothed in the same sombre habiliments, is the constant companion of his rambles, and apparently the object of his most anxious care. A small, yet convenient cottage, in one of the hollows of the cliff, commanding a fine sea-view, is his habitation; and never does the needy wanderer pass it unrelieved; while many a prayer is offered up, in the huts of the neighbouring peasantry, for the happiness of the "gentleman," by which name alone he is known in the vicinity. In the cottages of the poor he is a frequent and a welcome visitor, but ever avoids, with the most studious care, the idle and the gay, who sometimes, in the summer months, take up their temporary residence in the hamlet below. An elderly female, and a respect-

able-looking

able-looking man, compose the whole of his domestic establishment: numerous are the instances they relate to the village gossips of his humanity and benevolence, while, at the conclusion of each oft-told tale, the rustic auditor seldom fails to heave a sympathizing sigh for the secret sorrows of one whose bosom is so feelingly alive to those of his fellow-creatures.

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